# FORUM

**For March, 1917**

## THE UNITED STATES: PEACE OR WAR?

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

AMERICA has at last severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and every day that passes adds some new aspect to the question of her entry into the European struggle. There can be no reasonable doubt that if, at an earlier period, the United States had decided to join the Entente Powers, their action would have had a marked effect upon the issue. If, for example, they had stepped in at the time of the Lusitania crime, the Balkan States would have been profoundly influenced, and our present trouble in the near East might have been averted. But the question now is—*in what way and to what extent can America help us at the present stage of the situation?*

The factors needed to enable anyone to deal with such a problem are not only a competent knowledge of America's naval and military strength, and full acquaintance with all the many phases of the War at this moment, but also the genius of an expert accustomed to handle problems of such a nature. Some incidental questions connected with it may, however, fitly be discussed; and in one of these at least our own country is peculiarly interested.

For example, if the great English-speaking Republic on the other side of the ocean concludes openly to join the enemies of German militarism, it will add fresh impetus to

the Allied cause. And although this may only strengthen our national resolve to crush the power of the foe, it will probably lead also to results that will be felt more keenly in many British homes than would reverses on the battlefield.

A generation ago Professor Goldwin Smith declared that the triumph of the German crusade against the Bible would mean a world without God. And the truth which underlies his words goes far to account for the barbarities of the present conflict. Epigrammatic statements of this kind, however, generally require some modification. A man who can give no reasonable explanation of his own existence is a fool. But though the atheist falls within that category, it is a libel upon human nature to assume that he must be a savage. If we were dealing with a nation of cultured atheists we might always appeal to them on the ground of all that is generous and good in our common humanity. But what characterizes the Germany of to-day is not atheism but religious apostasy. *It were well if Britain had as firm a faith in the true God as Germany displays in the false deity, whose sanction they claim for acts of basest treachery and most hideous wickedness!*

The monster deity of this kultur cult is near of kin to the god who in other ages was invoked to bless the tortures of the Inquisition and the martyr fires of Smithfield. And when men sink to the level of a degradation such as this, self-interest is the only lever that will avail to move them.

Neutral America has helped us in the past, and may perhaps render us a far greater service in the near future than America at arms. Were it not for American influence, our prisoners in Germany would have been as completely separated from us as if the grave had closed upon them. And if America were now to draw the sword against Germany, it is believed in some quarters that the best hope these prisoners would have of seeing their native shores again would depend upon a speedy and unqualified defeat of the Allies. For in that case German pride would doubtless lead to their being sent back to us with decent food in their stomachs and decent clothes upon their backs. *On the other*

*hand, America at arms might bring the War to a speedy close.*

It is not suggested that in any circumstances these war prisoners would be openly murdered. But the Irish peasant has a phrase that "there are more ways of killing a dog than by shooting it." The Teutons would have only to allow hunger and disease to do their work unchecked, and these unfortunate victims of a fiendish hate would perish quite as surely and much more mercilessly than by violence or rifle fire. Thousands of them have already been done to death in this way; and week by week the number grows. The truth of these statements does not depend merely on the narratives of the few who have escaped, or of the larger number who have been released in exchange for German prisoners in England. Some among us have received testimony to the same effect from Americans who have been officially permitted to investigate the matter on the spot.

The Central Powers have seemed at times to chafe under the restraining influence of America. In saner moods Berlin surely cannot fail to appreciate the importance of American good will. *But Berlin has fallen upon a mood of madness!*

The recent peace agitation in Germany—where agitation of any kind is impossible without Government permission—has acquired exceptional significance by the discussion it received in the Reichstag. It would almost seem, indeed, that the Government connived at the agitation in order to find an occasion for the Chancellor's speech. He would not dare to suggest that Germany shrinks from continuing the War. Yet his blatant invitation to the Allies to offer terms of peace was evidently an appeal to the gallery. And in this case "the gallery" means the neutral nations. And that again means, practically, the United States.

Assuming that the Germans now recognize the utter failure of their original scheme of conquest, it is clear that they have nothing to gain by further prolongation of the struggle. And no less clear is it, from their point of view, that their recent success in Rumania affords an exceptional opportunity for bringing things to an end without acknowl-

edgment of defeat. But how can this be accomplished, seeing that the Allies are by no means agreeable to it? It might have been possible only if America had swallowed the bait thrown out by Von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech, and consented to formulate peace terms which German "magnanimity" would accept. To us here in Britain the suggestion may appear so chimerical as to savor of dreamland. But with due regard to the state of public opinion in both Germany and America, and also perhaps to a certain vacillation which has characterized British policy both before the War and since, it might be estimated very differently by the Kaiser and his Ministers. Otherwise it is not easy to account for the Chancellor's speech, or for the freedom with which the newspapers have been allowed to discuss the question.

If then the Germans were really manœuvering for peace, their only hope of success depended upon the friendship of America. This they have now jeopardized. *Is it conceivable that they should sacrifice it altogether?*

# AMERICA MARCHING INTO WAR

ROBERT M. WERNAER

MY brothers!
Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution!
What do you think that we should do?
What do you think is the voice of solemn command
Should War show us his ugly face?
And not merely now—
The Present is only a gleam in the transit of Time—
What should we do when in future times War threatens?
Do not deceive yourselves!
It will not be an easy task;
For we are a nation of many nations,
And against one we may have to fight.
Do not deceive yourselves!
Our patriotism is not securely founded.
There are defects in the structure of the building.

We have not the pure vision of a great uniform plan.
We do not know wherein this nation differs from other nations.
Not all of us know! *not all of us know!*
That is the sad plight.

We are still bound to the race we came from.
Still bound to old-world traditions.
Many of us! *Too many of us!*
Those born abroad, and those born on this soil.
Those of the new stock, and those of the old.
Our faces are turned backward.
One half of us gives the hyphen,
The other half takes it.
Do not deceive yourselves!
It will be a great human struggle, a momentous test.

It will be a test of true Americanism.
"What is the War about?" will be the question.
"Is America in it? The Spirit of our land?"
Ah, it may be our undoing!

But then you will say: "We are prepared;
Our youths are drilled;
Our ships ready to steam out to meet the enemy."
Neither army nor navy will save you.

You say: "We have a big country."
Size will not save you.

You say: "We have money, *money!*"
Riches will not save you;
They are against you.

You say: "We have learned many things;
We are skilled; we are efficient."
Efficiency will not save you.

You say: "We have allies."
Allies will not save you;
They may blur your vision.

You say: "In the fight all races will join hands."
Yes, they will. I believe it.
But what will come after the fight?
*After the fight?*

No, my brother, nothing can save you;
Can save our country,
Your country, my country;
Nothing you can think of;
Nothing that you can see with your eyes;
That can be weighed and measured.
No, my brother!

A sore the war may leave that will never heal,
A poisoned sore,—
Unless we know, before God our Maker,
That the war is fought in the name of the Soul of our land;
For keeping alive its Spirit, Mind, and Being;
For the sacred bond by which we all are united;
For the preservation of America's lofty ideals,—
A democracy of many peoples,
A race-freed humanity,
The great Cosmic Experiment,
The new free State of Man
Which we, through our Soul and our blood, have won.

If this be the banner that is carried before us,
With a brave heart we shall go into battle—
One we shall be!
Justice, truth, the lofty ideal, will be our defenders;
They and brotherhood will heal all wounds.
But the other war!
The selfish war!
The "patriotic" war!
The race war!
The war engendered by hatred and fear!
The war for the profit of our body!
The war on account of an alliance merely!
A victory won would be
A dagger thrust into our country's Soul,
America would cease to be—
The shouts of victory
Would be a requiem
Bewailing!
We should once more be
Like the countries we have left behind—
*No more!*

# UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

HOWARD H. GROSS

(PRESIDENT, UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING LEAGUE)

PERMANENT moral regeneration of the individual is induced and promoted by an accompanying physical regeneration. Flabby muscles, bleary eyes and a pouch of fat suggest feebleness and flabbiness. Whipcord muscles and a clean-cut symmetrical physique are the concomitants of clean living and a clean mind. Exceptions to the rule do not override it. A cripple may possibly become a great poet, but hardly a leader in industry or finance wherein physical endurance is important. In literature and the arts persons of frail frame may possibly excel, as Pope did, but this does not indicate at all that physical debilitation necessarily is the handmaid of genius.

Nationally speaking, upbuilding of the physique of our young men by Universal Military Training will be a blessing. Give our boys purer blood, greater physical resistance, larger lung capacity, stronger heart action, the endurance or skill to walk or ride great distances, and you will have morally regenerated the American boy. Juvenal, Roman poet, two thousand years ago, hit it off in his popular reflection: *"Mens sana in corpore sano."* Rome's glory began to fade when the patricians and the Roman soldiers forgot the correlation between physical and moral development.

The lasting impression on the national citizenry is created by that influence which most changes the character (for the good) of the most people. Military training will do much to bestow upon the citizens of the future a common viewpoint and will emphasize the fact that the patriotism of service is essential to popular government. The signs of the times, the world afire with war, may signify that we are nearing the day when the acid test will be applied and we shall know whether popular government shall survive or perish. Through military training a man becomes more

conscious of what good government means and that to it he owes a duty and obligation. A viewpoint now too prevalent is that our Government is an institution to be exploited —to see how much we can get from it and not how much we can contribute to its well-being.

Flabby days are these. As a nation we have gone money mad; we are translating everything into dollars; many of us neglect our political duties. Public obligation rests more lightly upon generation after generation, the rising sons and daughters seeming to excel in indifference. Military training, albeit rigorous, is applied with judgment so that the boy is strengthened physically. There are definite results, revealed by long study, of the regenerating effect upon the youth. Military training broadens the lad's vision; it makes him more patriotic because it tears away the curtain of ignorance and presents in transformation to his delighted eyes his country and his flag. It tends to create a higher sense of service. As the young man strengthens physically, the observer will note that he is broadening morally. As his shoulders straighten, his moral backbone stiffens. His character begins to take on healthy color. Military training likewise teaches our boys to think nationally, to think patriotically and with understanding rather than to think locally, selfishly and graspingly.

Speaking of the insouciance of our Americans of today, there has come into existence a prevailing disregard for authority by both old and young. There is too prevalent the feeling that the law was made for the other fellow. We proceed on our way thoughtlessly. Among the millions comfortably situated in America there is the spirit which is typified by the remark: "The good Lord dropped us down in this land of manna and honey, and, somehow, in some way we don't understand, we shall be protected from the spoiler."

It is time for a national shaking-up. It is time for old and young to take home the lesson that it is really more important for us to live for our country day by day than idly to wait for the crisis, and then die for it. Universal Military Training thus will democratize the people. It will

place upon all an equal obligation. It will prove to be the only enduring basis of our national life. Universal Military Training will help remove caste. The grandson of an oil king may quite likely be messmate and tent-companion of the son of the most humble artisan. It would do both good. The scion of Midas would rapidly discover that a poor boy is, after all, "human," and the son of poverty doubtless would find much to admire in his more affluent brother.

It is not saying too much to predict strong friendships between and among young America of all classes. *If Universal Military Training did nothing more than to eliminate caste and obliterate snobbery in this country, it would be well worth while.*

If, of one hundred boys, ten are trained and ninety are untrained, the effect upon the nation would be recessive rather than dominant, to make use of Mendel's idea. There must be general upbuilding, universal training, universal regeneration, morally and mentally, if the United States as a whole is to rise above sodden commercialism and take actual lead among the powers of the world. Study of the Swiss and Australian systems of universal military training leads straight to the foregoing deductions as to general physical upbuilding. There also is "German efficiency" to remember, but we of America neither need nor want an efficiency gained at the sacrifice of individuality. We must maintain individuality, the brotherhood of man, and simultaneously train our youth and remake them. *That will mean the regeneration of the Republic.*

Frederick Palmer, war correspondent of international fame, recently said: "Universal service has meant the physical regeneration of Europe. British battalions of clerks and factory hands whom I saw at Aldershot with sunken chests and round shoulders in August, 1914, I saw eight months later at the British front with square shoulders and deep chests. If the United States had universal service, universal physical training, and, say a year's military training for every young man, it would mean that we would be twenty per cent more productive twenty years hence." I would go

further than Mr. Palmer and state that six months' military training, if intensive, will achieve the same ends. It may be a bit trite to say that our citizenship implies universal responsibility, and that universal responsibility must include universal military training if our nation is to develop and extend without hindrance. However, it remains true. We in free America possess a definite boon in our citizenship. All of us have that boon. Not a few, but all. Therefore, all must assume the responsibility of defending the country, of protecting the fair name of the flag. To state this is its own argument.

Some training is better than none, and training a few must be more beneficial than not training any. I happen to know that the last statement is susceptible of proof—or at least productive of extremely interesting data. I have in mind certain statements appearing in the Congressional Record of March 22, 1916. Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, in discussing appointments to West Point, brought out the statistics. I think these figures throw a strong light on the benefits to be derived from military training. Senator Weeks offered a summary showing the occupations of parents of West Point candidates and graduates during a period from 1842 to 1899. He also submitted data regarding the civil occupations of graduates of the United States Military Academy to 1903. After analyzing the data one is convinced that the trained sons were much stronger men, mentally and morally, using the latter word in its broadest sense, than were the untrained fathers. The data follows:

*The parents produced no President and the sons gave us one; the sons also furnished a President of the Confederacy.*

*The sons can claim three presidential candidates and the fathers none; the sons two vice-presidential candidates, the parents none.*

*The sons boast of sixteen governors of states and territories, the older people none.*

*There were* 136 *professors and teachers among the "boys" and* 27 *among the parents.*

*There were 87 presidents of railroads and other corporations among the graduates and only 6 among the old folks.*

*There were 17 mayors of cities among the men who were trained, none among the parents.*

*Of civil officers of the United States there were 171 who were West Point graduates and 85 among the elders.*

*The elders produced 12 superintendents of factories and corporations, while the offspring who were trained showed 62.*

*Of engineers, the parents produced 27 of all classes, including stationery and locomotive engineers, while the graduates turned out 63 chief engineers of railroads, 228 civil engineers, and 5 electrical engineers.*

*The parents showed 5 architects, while the graduates produced 7.*

*There was one author among the parents and 179 among the boys.*

*Under the designation, "No occupation," there were 191 among the old folks and none among the graduates.*

*On the other hand, the elders seemed to have the best of it to the following extent: They had 1,149 farmers and planters in their list while the more technically trained sons turned out only 230; the elders also had a preponderance of lawyers, 645, as against 214 among the juniors; there were 151 manufacturers among the old people and 77 among the "youngsters"; ability to go to Congress and play the statesmen seemed more common among the parents, who had 32 representatives at Washington, while the West Pointers could produce only 24.*

Six months' intensive military training will not afford the same mental drill, give the same amount of technical education, or bring the boys to the same high point of scientific excellence as will the four years' work at West Point or Annapolis, and the foregoing figures prove nothing with regard to the educational benefits of Universal Military Training. They demonstrate, however, that trained young men are likely to climb higher on the civic and political lad-

der, reach greater altitudes in the business world, than untrained lads.

This leaves largely out of consideration the possible introduction of vocational training by the United States Government when it shall finally adopt some system of universal military training. Inasmuch as the perfect soldier of today must know something of mechanics and the various simpler vocations, Uncle Sam may profitably consider the advisability of mixing into the curriculum of manual of arms and maneuvers an occasional variant of the homelier arts. Of course, the primary object is to make America ready and safe. My theme in this short article precludes the obvious deduction one can make on this score when we say six months' intensive military training will give Uncle Sam 500,000 trained citizens a year. These boys, having been trained, would at once return to civil life. This might quite properly mean a standing army proportionately smaller than would otherwise be required. Inasmuch as a huge standing army is another term of militarism, it is reassuring to know that universal military training would be so far removed.

I think we may quite safely conclude that the boy would be benefitted. To most of us this long ago was demonstrated and has been known; but if these few facts, figures and asservations help to make the matter clearer to others, I shall be glad I have compiled them and put them in print.

*A crisis confronts us. Our nation's most pressing need is universal military training, and the patriotic men and women of America should signify this fact to Congress.*

# ADEQUATE DEFENSE ON AN AMERICAN BASIS

ARTHUR COLTON

IF the American people knows itself—and there are elements in its history and constitution which indicate a considerable self-knowledge—it knows that it has some three or four, at least, very persistent and steady convictions or characteristics.

For those who, like the present writer, believe "adequate preparation" is a term that can be more or less precisely defined, it is clear that right now is the time it ought to be so defined. It is further clear that the policy embodying it must be persistent in order to be worth having at all; and that in order to be so, it must be inseparably connected with one of those convictions or characteristics already deep seated and ingrained. Otherwise the policy will not be persistent, and America will never be adequately prepared.

We know well enough now that this war might have exploded in our direction at any time within the last two and a half years. The German drive toward expansion has been a phenomenon. South America is the only part of the world where the German empire could expand indefinitely without imperilling the vital interests of any great state, unless it were the United States. Such an expansion would apparently have relieved the British Empire of the danger to her most vulnerable point at Suez, which German pressure into Asia would inevitably make imminent. Why should the British Navy imperil the British Empire by preventing German steam from blowing off where it would do that empire no very great harm? But whether the attack on South America be made with a "saved" moral face, as in the Franco-Prussian war, or with a ruthlessness as ineffectually covered as in more recent examples, will not war with the United States, in either case, be probable if not inevitable? And such an across-the-sea war, with the British fleet quiescent and the American fleet inadequate, will it not result in

the conquest of a large part of South America, and a possible invasion of the United States?

We also know that when the present war is over, whether we enter it or keep out of it, the probabilities are in favor of a general peace for some years thereafter. Nevertheless, when we have again subsided into our normal condition of indifferent neglect, with a regular army still "inadequate," and sapped by neglect to a demand value of fifty per cent below its paper value, and a supposedly federalized militia of a demand of who-knows-what, it is difficult to see why, ten years from now, our condition is not likely to be as perilous as it has been for ten years past.

We know moreover that, if the United States had the great German military empire on the north in place of Canada, and the great French military republic on the south in place of Mexico, the United States would be military too, and find doctrine enough to justify it. *The geography would make the doctrine.* We know equally well then that, as it has no such neighbors or is likely ever to have them, it is not going to be a military republic, presently or in any future near enough to be worth discussing.

A man may become a fanatic on the subject of insurance, take out huge policies, and then work himself to death earning premiums, or worry himself to death over the imaginary imminence of his dying or being done away with by his heirs for their profits in the matter; but that does not prove insurance a wicked distrust of Providence, or any kind of lapse in morals or common sense, or prove the propriety of leaving orphans to the sole protection of the brotherhood of man. It proves the need of definition, of determining what is reasonable insurance for a particular individual in his particular circumstances. If he carries an insurance that would keep his wife and young children from actual want, it may be said in a sense to be adequate, without implying reproach if he is able to, and does, increase that provision to a higher, if still reasonable, definition of adequate. Adequacy may be defined in terms, though the terms will be relative.

*What, then, is "adequate preparation"? And with what persistent conviction or characteristic of the American people can that preparation be linked up, in order that, once made adequate, it may be also persistent?*

1st. Adequate preparation for America means adequate defense. Aggression has no limits, and aggression has no part in the conception.

2nd. Adequate is a relative word and the thing itself is relative, not absolute.

*Adequate preparation,* then, *means such a condition that an invasion would be so nearly impossible of success as to be highly improbable of attempt.* As a peace-loving people, we are not satisfied with a prospect of invasions defeated. We are only satisfied with the prospect of no invasions attempted. A nation practically impregnable as a defending power, and contented with inadequacy as an attacking power, is in possession of a maximum probability of peace; for it offers a minimum of temptation, first, to other nations, and second, to itself—a minimum chance that we shall not draw the arrogance and greed of other people, or cultivate our own.

So long as the military force of the British Empire is not very much greater than ours, we are adequately defended so far as the British Empire is concerned. They have a huge navy, but they had prior to the War, no army that could have invaded with enough promptness and power to stand any chance of success. If as the result of the present conflict that empire should continue to maintain not only its superior navy, but also an army in any degree comparable to the German or French standing army in times of peace, the United States would then be inadequately defended as respects the British Empire.

The United States has not been adequately defended against Germany for some years past, because not only has the German Army been immeasurably stronger than the American, but the German Navy also has been distinctly, though measurably, stronger than the American Navy.

How can America have, and continue to have, such an army and navy? How can she be guarded as steadily when she is asleep, or indifferent, or distracted with infinite business, as when alert and aware? Having settled that you must have adequate defense, that adequate defense means a navy of such and such actual power, par value, payable on demand, and an army of such and such actual power, par value, payable in part on demand and the remainder at 30 and 60 days' call; to what persistent American characteristic can you hitch that necessity? What American conviction, ingrained and deep rooted, will supply a steady pressure and support.

The answer offered here to this question is not a complete answer. It undoubtedly has bearings on other elements in the problem than the requisite supply of trained men for the rank and file, always fit or nearly fit, for immediate service. But for this element only, which we suppose to constitute the prime difficulty, it does claim to meet the issue. The characteristic of the American people which we are in search of is its deeply rooted faith in education. States, cities, and towns have all plunged heavily on education, with a steadier approval and support from the people than for almost anything else. The educational institutions supported directly out of public taxation by states, cities and townships in 1913 contained somewhat less than 20,000,000 pupils, and cost about $500,000,000 for that year. The towns and cities supported over 100,000 high schools alone. It is proposed that the nation too plunge heavily on education, and obtain adequate defense as a by-product. It is believed that national schools would draw a steady approval and support from the people, and that the by-product would be supplied with that steadiness which it must have, if the nation is to obtain reasonable security in a world where nations are everywhere growing more national, more coherent and self-conscious, more structurally tense and rising like Wordsworth's "Battlements that on their restless fronts bore stars."

Those who believe in universal military service—not so much that they want, or believe it necessary for, the United States to be a great military power, as because they seem to

see in that service, its disciplines and its loyalties, the cure of many a political and social ill, the drawing closer of every citizen to his country, the lifting him out of the petty tyranny of personal interests; and because they seem to see in this, if not an ideal path, at least a path that seems to lead somewhat toward their ideal of citizen and state—those who so believe may be right, or partly so. Some path of service we must find at length. But it will be a long time, not years but generations, before a majority of their countrymen will agree with them, before the average American will change his habit of thought on that matter.

Let us suppose that the adequate defense, as described, demands, behind the regular Army and Navy, a navy reserve of 50,000, and an army reserve of 500,000 men; and for the convenience of round numbers let us confine ourselves to the army reserve, bearing in mind that the same applies to the navy reserve with whatever differences and proportions belong there. The half million needed are not militia, or amateurs with a military smattering. They are drilled soldiers, of not less than two years with the colors.

One hundred schools of 1,200 students each (or 200 of 600 students each) and a two years' course, would graduate 60,000 men a year. Subject to call by the nation at need for ten years, and with no other demand on them except an annual inspection for fitness, and the penalty of being sent into camp for extra drill if found unfit—this reserve would stand permanently at 600,000 or, allowing for leakage, at the half million required.

The schools have no entrance requirements beyond what the common schools supply. Anybody can go, who is sixteen years of age and sound and normal in mind and body. If applications overrun capacity, the selection is made on the basis of physique, intelligence and character, and not on the basis of an education already more advanced. The schools are all vocational and all military. The solution, the waste-saving, lies in this, that you can make the competent military and the competent economic man—the trained soldier and

the expert farmer, or accountant, or mechanic—at the same time out of the same man; just as West Point can turn out as competent a civil engineer as the Sheffield Scientific School —and does. It is the military life and the daily drill that makes the soldier; not the many hours daily but the daily repetition.

National Schools, with ten years following in the reserve, are a better means of securing an army reserve than short term enlistments in the regular Army, with six years following in the reserve, because they give a better prospect of actually "producing the goods;" a better prospect, not only because they will draw a steadier and more insistent support from the general public, but because they will be more attractive and advantageous to the prospective reservist. They will offer a proposition that will look better and be better; hence they will probably draw a large surplus of high grade applications. Two years at a National School will be a good thing for a boy, nearly always; it will take him before his economic life begins and give him a better start. Whereas, a short term enlistment is not an attractive proposition. It would probably always tend to run short of supply at any acceptable grade. Two years in the Army is not always a good thing for a man. It takes him after his economic life has begun, and breaks it in two, and does not necessarily start him again any better. Ten years in the reserve, in payment for two years' support and training for his after work, "looks pretty good." It looks like a fair price for a value received. Six years in the reserve after two years in the Army is in payment—for what? Will a short term enlistment and the reserve be more attractive or less attractive to a young man than the present Army. To a civilian it appears to be less. National Schools are no obstacle to the Army's adopting short term enlistments. The reserves may be bitterly needed long before these slowly growing schools, slowly increasing in number, have filled the quota with their graduates. The point here is that short term enlistments look very doubtful of success in maintaining the quota, and the National Schools look nearly certain of it, eventually.

A standing army is a subtraction from the economic life of the nation, necessary but still in the main a subtraction. National Schools may be an addition. They should return more than they cost in the increased economic value of the graduates. The National School graduate has given a sort of insurance contract to the nation, which has paid him a lump sum in education and taken out a ten year special accident policy with him. If the value of the education and the chances of the accident specified could be computed by actuaries, it would be found that, as an insurance company, he had done a very profitable bit of business. If it is admitted that the nation ought to insure itself as a moral duty to those dependant upon it, this is the best policy offered because it is the surest; and the cheapest because it is a "mutual" policy. That is, a part if not the whole of the cost is paid back in the value which the education or industrial training of a boy affords to the nation through the boy. A semi-federalized militia may be a cheaper insurance in the sense that the premiums may be smaller; but then, it is not good insurance; it will never pay the face value of the policy, and no one knows what per cent.

A reserve through National Schools is better than any semi-federalized state militia, or even wholly federal volunteers, for several reasons. But this is enough. Because it could be made an efficient army in a month, and the Volunteers, or Militia, probably not in four months, possibly not in six. These half million National School graduates would not be as good as half million West Point graduates, but they would have had two years of the military life and the army drill, and that at the time of life when one learns quickly and holds long.

If the American people knows itself, it recognizes, in its own nature, natural failings. They are the natural failings of any large, busy, peaceable, loosely integrated democracy. Just as any average sedentary man, knowing that he must have some exercise every day or his health "goes bad," recognizes that his chance impulses will not provide it. When

he was a boy they did, perhaps; but they will not now. He must establish a habit. His daily golf or dumb-bells must become an institution. The habit will keep him well. Now golf, if obtainable, is better than dumb-bells, because he will take to it more naturally. Instincts in his nature will rise to greet it, but to dumb-bells those instincts are negative. So his doctor advises: "Exercise you must have, and keep it up. Get golf if you can, even if it costs more money and trouble, because it's more natural. You'll like golf and consequently you'll keep it up. Dumb-bells I don't believe you'll ever like, and consequently I don't believe you'll keep it up."

The man who knows himself will be apt to agree with that disbelief. "Liking" is a force which can keep him continually well. The probable "liking" of the public for its National Schools is a force which can keep the nation continuously supplied with that part of an adequate defense which they are intended to supply, and which must be somehow supplied if the nation is to have any reasonable security in the world as it is. The proposition does not cover immediate defense. It is a long look ahead. You cannot start 200 schools at once. You can only start a few, and then a few more. The efficiency of each school is a slowly growing organism about the nucleus of its faculty and its tradition. Non-military vocational teachers can be obtained more or less quickly for a large number of schools; but officers, military teachers, at present cannot be obtained. Our state and municipal educational systems have been slow growths, and National Schools will not spring up over night. The thing must win its way on its merits, and the people must come to believe in it. Increasing appropriations will spring from increasing faith. But it has this advantage, that the people cannot be temperamentally against it to begin with, not habitually indifferent to it afterward. It is in step with the normal American's habit of thinking. It will not furnish the half million reserve five years from now, or ten years from now; in twenty years possibly, but only ten years after the full quota of schools has been established and filled with the full quota of the reserve be complete. After that

the schools will maintain the reserve out of their own forces.

If the people spend 500 millions a year for education through their local governments, will they grudge spending 50 through their national government. Not that, nor twice the sum, if they see as good value. So far as expense is concerned—for National Schools worth their cost educationally and in economic value to the nation, and furnishing in addition the prime element in a really adequate defense, with little or no diminution thereby from their educational and economic values—is it extravagant to believe that the people would spend willingly, for this, many times what they would spend suspiciously for a half-federalized, half-state militia, which returns little or nothing, educationally or economically, and whose adequacy is more than doubtful?

The framers of the Constitution, in drawing the line between Federal and State functions, did not always and everywhere draw it as the wisest of them knew it ought to be drawn. They drew it, in places, where they had to in order to " put it over " at all. The best of them knew that all military matters should be strictly federal, and no state have anything to do with them, just as well as they knew that foreign relations and the coinage of money should be strictly federal and no state have anything to do with them. On foreign relations and coinage they drew the line correctly, but when they came to military defense, they could not " put it over." The states were jealous and fearful. The framers had to make a jog in the line, and there it is, a more obsolete nuisance than a vermiform appendix. The Army *is* a foreign relation.

But the states have abandoned most fears and some jealousies. The average citizen now is not afraid of his National Army, and cares little about his state militia. It must be suspected that the recent congressional majorities represented interested groups rather than much public opinion. The phenomenon looked like the pull and haul of localities, like some sectionalism and more group-interests. It did not look like nationalism, or patriotism, or commonsense. We may permit ourselves to hope and believe that

the people are not now, in reality, as sectional or as petty as those congressional majorities would seem to have represented them to be, and more ready and willing to place the defense of the nation definitely and altogether in the hands of the nation.

To sum up. The proposition to supply the necessary army and navy reserve through national schools, is fitter than any other for adoption as the settled American policy, because:

1. *It is adequate, to a definition of adequacy which is adjustable to the facts.*

2. *It is genuine, because it will supply a reserve certain in numbers and known as to quality and training, which can be put into the field with a calculable efficiency within a calculable time.*

3. *It is cheap, in the long run, because it will return its cost, wholly or in part, in the increased economic value of the graduate; because it is a two years' preparation for economic productivity, rather than a two years' withdrawal from it.*

4. *It promises the success which the method of short term enlistment does not promise, because it is a better offer to a boy thinking about his future career, than such enlistment is to a man whose career is, or should be, under way. It will give him a lift in life, and the short enlistment does not promise any personal benefit to compare with it. Hence, applications will tend to surplus and success, enlistments to shortage and partial failure.*

5. *It promises a steady maintenance for the future, because it rests upon, and can reasonably expect support from, a fundamental belief or characteristic of the American people.*

6. *It is democratic, because it is a solution reached by seeking first for the people's existing beliefs and characteristics, and building upon what you find.*

# KELP

(AN ODE OF DESTINY)

GOTTFRIED HULT

INTERLACED flora, maze and tangle of growth!
The same I saw last night and yester-year,
The same God saw in yester-æon—
Wonderful to us both!
Whether in North afar its peace or here,
Or fusing dream with waters Caribbean,
To keep identity of selfhood so,
To thrive on menace, unperturbed to grow
Despite the impact of the tidal seas,
Merits a little heed in days like these.
Assaulted constantly by burly breakers,
Yet ne'er repaying blow for blow;
Peacefuller than Quakers,
Albeit Ocean bugles in its ear
To legionary onset and a host
Makes thunderous bombardment of the coast;
Ne'er giving way to fear,
Keeping in strength and spirit equipoise,
Despite confusion, turmoil, noise;
Surf-buffeted, storm-howled-at, ocean-hissed,
Yet still—pacificist;
Gigantic, yet with Sabbath mood alway,
June or December, night and day:—
Verily here I find
In stringy kelp of homely brown
What I have searched the world for up and down,
Nor hoped might ever be,
Whether in world of matter or of mind!
Of such as Kelp the Kingdom verily! . . .

Changeless, and yet—all changed!
For where is aught the same in world so wracked
And anguished as to-day's!
Almost I walk estranged
With sea, with morn, impotent to react
To the bloom, the glow, wherewith they meet my gaze.—
I said: "Poor thrift, this sleeplessness abed!

I'll up and hie me where the Sea halloos
His tides. I'll up and share the morning red
With ocean kelp. Mayhap a blend of hues
Rarer and richer now is on the ooze
Than I have thrilled to yet,
Trysting with sea at rise of sun or set."

Surmise was not amiss:
Ne'er bed of kelp more multi-hued than this!
A spirit of beauty is abroad this hour
In rarity like a flower . . .
What infinite repertory Nature hath
Of joy: winged sun from ocean's chrysalis,
And cataract of stars out of her gloom!
But man perverting her to ill,
Making her serve his wrath,
Making her sting, and stab, and kill—
Therein and thence is doom.

And can it be
Yon amplitudes of kelp are being made
Means of the world's war madness, too, and aid!
That yonder girdle of the sea,
(How all aloof from hate!)
Oozy ocean cincture of continents,
Held a hidden sword, a shining blade,
Whereby the world's Berserker wrath augments
Slaughter, this time of fate!

O the Nemesis in things,
That thus out of discovery only springs
More poison-fanged a world and keen of claw
To lacerate and rend!
While steadfast Science labors to the end,
Translating matter into term of Law,
Of bringing things beneath the sway of man,
Man 'neath the sway of things bemeans himself
As never hitherto since time began.
Anathema! "Retro me Satana"
To Science, if indeed her summing up
Be ill for human kind! Ay, dash it down,
If for the race be poison in the cup!
At least, the days of Ghibelline and Guelph,
Howso they splashed their blood-feuds o'er the town,
Could not coerce sweet Nature to their ends
Of vengeance and affright;

At least when Greek fought fellow Greek, their might
Of mutual destruction found not help
And furtherance in clinging beds of kelp,
Awakened out of oozy sleep in bends
And windings of the Grecian shore,—
Ah, never, never more
These waters should be named Pacific!
Surely all forfeit is the name they bore,
Being put to use so martial, so terrific! . . .

Here in high Dream's employ,
And tense Hebraic mood,
Purged of all individual alloy,
These leagues of mighty ocean I surveyed
As symbol of like vast pan-racial good.
Then suddenly the soul in me
Rose geyser-like in wild apostrophe:—
*America, my country, art thou weighed*
*In the balance and found wanting?* O thou Land
Of promise unfulfilled, and high desires
Blasted like waves upon an iron strand!
With thy dread failure thou dost make afraid
Who trusted thee, hoped for thee, and lit fires
For beacons on thy mountains. Thou dost reel
With wine, art fat with feasting, and thy lips
Are the abode of wantonness and mirth;
Thou peoplest the great deep with ships,
And on the uttermost earth
As conqueror hast trod and set thy heel.
Yet thou hast made of weal
A fetish god, and worshipest thy gold
As calf-delirious Israel of old.
It was not for the dancing of such rite
Thy feet have forded seas
With pillar of cloud by day and fire by night;
Nor passed they through those dire calamities
Of other nearer days, whereof the woe
Still lives, to stumble now and go amiss.
O lifted up by that vast earthquake throe
To be the world's enskyed Acropolis,
Thinkest thou to be hid! . . .
Forgive my lips, forgive me that I chid,
White Wonder of indomitable will!
But I would see thee as I once did see,

With prairies, mountains, wave-anointed strands,
The Virgin-born of lands,
Fulfillment of thy singers' prophecy,
And of all nations the Messiah still! . . .
The sea itself upheaves
To pace the world with tides, and scattered leaves
Its kelp to etch the pathway of its march.
The roar summons me back from otherwhere—
The human welter of energy,
With brinier kelp from waters more resistless.
Almost I would the vastness seething there,
The waves with feet that prance, with necks that arch,
All the super-beauty of the sea,
Might drug me to forget, with heart grown listless,
The pitifulness and pathos of man's life,
The pitifulness and tragedy of his strife.
Just when democracy was nascent; just
When man was climbing upward out of dust
With something of momentum, and a new
Zest of achievement thrilled him through and through;
Just when he thought to lay more bastions low
Of privilege and error, and make way
With ancient exploitations, and to grow
Into the stature of Himself, indeed—
Then this Nay
To his dreams, to his hopes, to God! . . .
Then Belgium trodden into the sod—
Ploughed under by the Teuton human plough,
Before which freedom is a noxious weed,
That, flowering, menaces with thorn and spike;
Then in that racial crisis, we
Battening on blood-lucre, Judas-like;
Nor even protesting, save for our own rights,—
Studious of our own ease and how
To prosper, whereso victory or defeat!—
But wherefore, wherefore repeat
Here within earshot of the moaning sea
The story of man's plunge adown the heights!
I'll discipline myself to be resigned.
Withdrawal still is possible and sweet,
Withdrawal still is home—
Pillow and cup and bread to soul and mind,
Wearied and sick of things as they of yore.
*Civilization is a little foam,*
*Riding a little kelp, and cast ashore,*
*And canceled by a little noon forevermore.*

# WHAT OUR MANUFACTURERS ARE DOING FOR EUROPE

SAMUEL CROWTHER

DO "war orders" mean as much to us now as they did a year ago?

You do not find the groups of feverish brokers and near-brokers and former gold-brick artists in excited confabs, swapping millions of dollars worth of rifles that never were, and never will be; and there is not the same rush to contribute to the dowries of the "war brides." When a shoestring speculator gets into the game today, he hints at a ship instead of munitions. There is hardly a wreck on the two coasts which has not been offered for charter or sale. *Has the push of the war orders ceased? Are we now busy largely with home affairs?*

The Germans have abandoned their pastime of clamoring for an embargo on arms; ships are not catching fire with the same regularity; the Secret Service men are not rounding up human arsenals with the winsome publicity as of yore. All the outward evidence is that the storm of war orders has passed.

Undoubtedly, the country is prosperous in an industrial way; the men and the women of small fixed incomes, the clerks and all those who do not work for wages and cannot quit their jobs with the prospect of finding another within the hour, are not quite so enthusiastic about the prosperity. To these people the prosperity is objective. They know that some one must be getting more money, for they must pay more for everything that they buy. Many people are earning more money than ever before in their lives, while others are put to it to make ends meet. The prosperity is industrial. Flannel shirts are having their inning at the expense of white collars.

What have "war orders" to do with all of this? Can we view the end of the European struggle with prosperous indifference?

Here are the facts.

New war orders are not being booked in the same volume as last year, and those that are being booked are somewhat different in character, but the war-order business in so far as the manufacturers are concerned is at the very peak, because they are now working at the maximum in filling the orders which are already in hand. Last year was the year of talk about war orders. This is the year of fulfillment. We would be taking more orders and exporting more material to the belligerents only if our factories had a greater capacity. Practically every factory which can make anything for the use of the armies abroad is filled through this year and most of next year. Some factories are engaged well into 1918. The home market is asking for a great deal of material, but its demands are by no means abnormal, because home merchants do not care to buy much beyond their pressing needs with prices governed by foreign war demands. The steel makers say that a great deal of new construction is being held back by the high prices and the long and uncertain deliveries.

Figures concerning home production and exports are somewhat misleading, because the value of the exports has skyrocketted out of all proportion to the increase in quantity. For instance, in 1914, we exported 414,000,000 yards of cloth and in 1915, 396,000,000 yards. The value of the two big invoices was nearly the same, about $28,000,000.

In 1915 we sent abroad 736,000,000 pounds of steel, valued at $10,000,000, while for the fiscal year of 1916, the exports were 1,500,000,000 pounds and valued at over $37,000,000. In the case of cloth, the prices had so increased that we could get the same amount of money from Europe as before for 18,000,000 yards less of goods, while only doubling the export of steel brought a tripling in the cash return. Most of our manufacturers have increased their plant outputs, but the increase in output has not been in proportion to the increase in price. When we note that the value of a certain product has doubled in the export figures, it does not mean that the volume of that product has doubled. Taking

the whole field of manufacturers, it is safe to estimate that one-quarter may be lopped off every export figure as representing an increase in price without an increase in volume. The World War has caused a demand for goods far greater than the supply; we are short on goods; hence prices go soaring. It is the demand from Europe and not the home demand which fixes prices. Prices are only relative and big figures should not dazzle us.

The volume of exports is steadily mounting, month by month, and will continue to mount as the factories complete their additions to plants and thus increase their production. But the new war orders are calling for rather different material and rather different articles than during the boom of 1914-1915. The former munition demand was for small shells filled with shrapnel. The present demand is for six, eight and nine inch shells; and there is also a steadily increasing inquiry for shell steel to be worked up abroad. Bethlehem Steel is now doing a larger and more profitable business in steel bars and the like than in munitions proper. The factories of England, France and Russia have so enormously extended and increased their efficiency that they are more anxious to have the materials for munition fabrication than to have the fabricated articles.

A table was recently compiled to show the extent of orders due primarily to war conditions in the total volume of our exports. It shows that the increase in exports to Europe in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, as compared with 1913, amounting to nearly a billion and three-quarters of dollars, should be ascribed solely to war needs. Compare the month of September, 1916, with the same month of 1914, and you will gain a very fair notion of what the War means to the workman in our factories. We find one group valued at twenty-two millions, which we either did not export at all before, or only in trivial amounts. This new business comprises the acids, including carbolic and picric; commercial motor cars; parts and tires; cheese; certain kinds of manufactured cloth; ammonia nitrate, soda, salts, etc., fuses, guncotton, gunpowder, smokeless powder, loaded projectiles,

empty shells, trinitrotoluol, miscellaneous explosives, harness and saddles, pumping machinery, aluminum manufactures, brass bars, celluloid, paper, wrought iron pipe, gasolene, wearing apparel, barbed wire, wire rods and pig zinc. A host of other kinds of war goods increased mightily. Passenger automobiles and condensed milk increased four times; railroad cars and parts jumped from $17,000 to $600,000; cotton cloths doubled; caustic soda increased six fold; fire arms jumped from $43,000 to more than $1,500,000; engines and parts quintripled; knit goods went from less than $5,000 to $500,000; leathers increased five times; metal working machinery went from $79,000 to $2,000,000; brass manufactures from $62,000 to $7,000,000; iron and steel increased more than five fold—and so on.

This comparison is only for one month, but it shows the trend of the manufactured products, and why it is that manufacturing is booming in almost every direction. No single industry is self-contained. Not even the United States Steel Corporation can go it alone. They must buy certain products from the outside. The most elaborate census ever made could not trace every finished product through all operations back to the original sources. A single rifle calls upon the forest, half a dozen different kinds of mines. The sources and the operations on the way mount up like ancestors and make one dizzy.

Going throughout the long lists of exports we find striking increases in manufactured products. The breadstuffs increased mightily in 1915 over 1914, but they fell off in 1916, while manufactured products bounded forward. Tables are dull reading, but the following summary of exports for 1913, 1914 and 1916 produces some astounding contrasts. The articles listed are those in which the increase can be explained only by war needs. Contrast 1913, a normal peace year, with 1916.

| Articles. | Fiscal Years Ended June 30— 1913. | 1914. | 1916. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Explosives, including cartridges, dynamite, gunpowder, etc..... | $5,267,566 | $6,272,197 | $467,081,928 |
| Copper, and manufactures of..... | 140,164,913 | 146,222,556 | 173,946,226 |
| Sugar ..... | 1,681,302 | 1,839,983 | 79,390,147 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zinc, and manufactures of (ore excepted) | 1,063,889 | 406,208 | 45,867,156 |
| Horses | 3,960,102 | 3,388,819 | 73,531,146 |
| Mules | 733,795 | 690,974 | 22,946,312 |
| Chemicals, including sulphuric acids, drugs, etc. | 26,574,519 | 27,079,092 | 124,362,167 |
| Brass, and manufactures of | 8,554,636 | 7,472,476 | 164,876,044 |
| Breadstuffs | 211,098,339 | 165,302,385 | 435,696,629 |
| Cars, carriages, automobiles, aeroplanes, hand trucks, etc. | 54,585,888 | 51,676,222 | 167,742,608 |
| Manufactures of cotton | 53,743,977 | 51,467,233 | 112,053,127 |
| Rubber, and manufactures of | 14,324,894 | 12,441,220 | 35,180,096 |
| Leather, and manufactures of | 63,893,351 | 57,466,261 | 146,613,815 |
| Iron and steel, and manufactures of | 304,605,797 | 251,480,677 | 621,209,453 |
| Totals | $890,252,968 | $783,206,303 | $2,670,496,854 |

Take the other end of the equation—that is, the factories themselves. The most feverish activity is to be found with those concerns which are preserving foods or are making munitions or goods for the armies, either directly or indirectly. The meat-packers throughout the country say that all their increase is due to the War; they are working day and night. The copper firms are almost saturated with orders from the belligerents. Germany ordered 200,000,000 pounds of copper to be delivered after the war; while England, only the other day, distributed an order for 200,000 long tons to be delivered in monthly installments. This is said to be the largest order of copper ever placed. The refining capacity of the country has increased more than a third.

The textile trade in two years has changed an unfavorable trade balance of $150,000,000 to a favorable trade balance of $15,000,000. The manufacturers say that about one-third of this was directly for war needs. The cotton goods production has doubled and the knit goods has increased eight times. Russia placed a single order with the American Woolen Company for 5,000,000 yards of heavy woolen cloth for overcoats; this single order requires the labor of 35,000 operators during half a year. Every shoe concern in the United States that will take orders has them. One large company which employed 6,000 men in 1914 now employs 11,000, and when they have finished extending their buildings they will have a still greater working force. In former years the shoe maker who had employment for a total of half a year

held himself lucky. Now, many of the shoe factories are working twenty-four hours a day.

The biggest increase has been in the making of explosives, in which the Du Pont concerns have been the greatest factors. In two years $500,000,000 in powder and explosives have been delivered, and the orders that are now on hand and unfilled are reported to be of like amount. Closely allied to the powder makers, are the chemists. The business of the chemical concerns has been limited solely by their ability to produce sulphuric acid. The manufacturing of chemicals is a curious business, in that it is founded largely upon sulphuric acid, which enters into the processes that produce most war chemicals. The chemist must find a market for his by-product and it is practically impossible for him to supply a single chemical at a profit. They have generally been rather conservative and have not gone ahead recklessly piling up by-products for which they had no market. Some few of them have greatly extended their plants, but the average have only intensified the uses or installed additional machinery in their present plants.

The big munition makers are the Bridgeport plants, the Remington people alone having added 13 buildings to their equipment with a payroll that includes 50,000 employees; the American Locomotive Company who have large orders for eight inch and six inch shells; the American Car and Foundry Company with a big order for nine inch shells; the American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company; the New York Air Brake Company which is making fuses; the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, which includes the old Midvale Steel Company; the Cambria Steel Company; the Remington Arms Company of Delaware; Worth Brothers; the Coatesville Rolling Mill Company; the Baldwin Locomotive Company, which has built special plants for war work; the Allis-Chalmers Company, about one-third of whose business is devoted to war; and finally the Bethlehem Steel Company, which has the greatest and most diversified war contracts in the country, when its various subsidiary concerns are taken into account. Bethlehem has delivered all its submarines, but

it has orders for shells and for steel of various kinds which extend over the better part of the next two years. In addition to all these large companies there are multitudes of machine shops and machine companies scattered throughout the United States who are either making munitions directly, or are manufacturing parts on sub-contracts from the big bidders.

Even more insistent than the demand for munitions is the European demand for metal-working machinery. We exported $61,000,000 of such machinery in 1916 as against $14,000,000 in 1914. And the only reason that we did not export more was that we could not make it. The demand for machinery is so far ahead of the supply that second-hand machinery, which in normal time would be scrap, is bringing a higher price than the same machinery sold for when new. All the big machine workers in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, the Middle West and elsewhere, are booked to capacity for more than a year; many are refusing foreign orders.

The automobile and the aeroplane makers with standard products have all the business that they can take. In 1914 we sent abroad 784 trucks, while in 1916 we shipped 21,265 trucks. Where we shipped 6,410 motorcycles in 1914, we sent 17,500 in 1915; and nearly all of these have gone to France, Russia and the United Kingdom. The total value of our automobile shipments has gone from $33,000,000 to $120,000,000, while tires have ascended from $3,500,000 to nearly $18,000,000.

In addition to the articles used directly in war, is the demand for the material to revamp European railways. France has placed total orders for 175,000 tons of steel rails, largely with the Pennsylvania Steel Company. Russia wants 100,000 tons, and the Italian State Railways are seeking 30,000. Russia tried to buy 5,000 new freight cars, but was compelled to take rebuilt cars. Russia took $19,000,000 worth of railroad cars in 1916. We sent over 799 locomotives, of which more than 500 went to Russia; and we also shipped 59,000 gasolene engines.

The demand for steel for all these activities is beyond the capacity of our steel works. Just before the War, the steel mills were going at 40 per cent capacity, at a rate of 18,000,000 tons a year; while today, they are going at 100 per cent capacity with a production rate of 46,000,000 tons, and all are extending their plants as rapidly as possible. The United States Steel Corporation has more unfilled orders than at any time in its history, while both at home and abroad, inquiries for steel and iron go begging. J. P. Morgan & Co. tried to buy 500,000 tons of steel and had to take 120,000 tons. The home producers of shells are after 300,000 tons of shell steel. Russia is now begging for 150,000 tons of barbed wire to be used in the trench warfare. And all the warring nations want wire nails, staples and plain wire in whatever quantity they can get them. The steel business has reached fabulous proportions.

War orders ramify into hundreds of directions. For instance, we find a grinding wheel concern in Worcester, Massachusetts, which operated with less than 1,000 men four years ago, now running with more than 3,000 men. The demand for condensed milk has stimulated the tin plate industry as never before, although canned goods, other than milk, slightly dropped off since 1915, but 1915 was, at that, 18 times as great as 1914.

It is impossible to judge whether munition orders have been profitable. H. H. Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Company, which took a great many war orders, said: "It is expected that the net result will represent a substantial, but not an unusual manufacturing profit on the amount involved." H. P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co., announced not long ago that although some manufacturers had made pretty profits, large profits were the exception rather than the rule.

The stocks of the war companies in the boom days made sensational advances, ranging from 25 to 554 points. But since then, there have been declines running all the way from 10 to 200 points. The dividends, with the exception of General Motors, which declared a cash payment of 50 per cent.

have been disappointing to the speculators—although Bethlehem Steel declared a 30 per cent dividend. Many of the other companies, the prices of whose stock advanced enormously, have declared small dividends where they had none before, but in few cases have the dividends been high when the selling price of the stock is considered.

In 1914, the total value of manufactured products in the United States was $24,246,323,000, and the value of the exported portion was about $1,000,000,000. Contrast this with the fiscal year of 1915-1916, when the value of exported products of manufacture was $2,658,907,330. In July, 1916, our exports had further risen to a rate which will give $3,732,000,000 if maintained through the year.

What do these figures mean? They mean that approximately an extra demand of about 10 per cent has been made upon our industries as a result of the war. Now 10 per cent is not a very large demand considered on a small sum. But the experience of manufacturers is that the difference between hard times and good times is less than 10 per cent. For instance, when cotton is 10 per cent short of the demand, cotton will go up about 10 per cent.

When you strip our industry of the abnormal values caused by high prices, it will be discovered that a not inconsiderable portion of the increased wealth upon which we pride ourselves is only inflation, and that it is the stimulus of the demands of the warring Europe which is dominating our industries. Europe is providing the 10 per cent pull that turns adversity into prosperity in manufacturing. *We are doing much for Europe, but Europe is doing more for us.*

# TO MY GRANDMOTHER

(Sarah L. Flowers—Died February 21st, 1917.)

H. Thompson Rich

*NOW she is gone, who was too dear to part with—*
*Gone! and a sudden emptiness, like pain,*
*Seizes my soul. This candle-light we start with,*
*And carry flickeringly, and lose again*
*In the black void of time—what is it? where?*
*Say whence? What lasting purpose in the burning?*
*When dark are the ways the spirit has to fare,*
*And none there is to lead, and no returning.*

*I cannot understand—she is to go*
*Back to the less than nothingness of sod*
*That gave her birth, a flower diurnal:*
*I cannot understand! And yet I know*
*That somewhere in the ultimate realms of God*
*Her deathless spirit has found life eternal.*

# THE CYCLONE

MARY GAUNT

THE man and brother, with a fair sprinkling of the woman and sister, were engaged in religious exercises in one of the corrugated iron churches of Grand Bassa; and every now and then, on the hot steamy air between the palms and oleanders, came the sweet sound of negro voices singing hymn choruses.

Matthew Fenton was sitting out of the sun in a corner of a negro trader's verandah, and the missionary, Isaiah Peacock, was leaning back against the wall. He and his daughter, Rebekah, ministered to the spiritual and bodily welfare of a little community of Vai tribesmen who dwelt a couple of miles behind Lower Buchanan, the capital and only town of Grand Bassa, Liberia.

Fenton liked the Reverend Isaiah. He wondered occasionally whether his admiration for his pretty daughter, Becky, had anything to do with it, but on the whole he had come to the conclusion that even if there had been no Becky with wistful brown eyes he still would have felt that the American was a good chap doing his best to live up to his ideals; and, since his ideals were Spartan, far higher for himself than they were for his neighbor, sometimes making heavy weather of it. He was staring out at the surf which crashed monotonously against the sloping beach. It fell back again, leaving, for a moment or two with the water draining off it, long stretches of smooth bare yellow sand, where the little crabs like black pincushions on stilts scurried for safety to the shelter of their holes.

"Wal," said the American dryly, "I'm nootral, I am, by order of the Mission Board an' the President of the United States of America. But for a," he paused and swallowed audibly, "fool, give me a patriotic Britisher rushin' home to be a target for a bullet an' neglectin' of the opportunities this free an' enlightened republic of Liberia offers to the enemy. But I'm nootral, I am!" and he raised his chin till

his little grey goatee, the only hair he wore on his face, pointed straight towards a ricketty shack a little way down the grass grown path Lower Buchanan called a street.

There were two native traders, Liberians, in Lower Buchanan. Matthew Fenton, the Englishman, who had been trading in the hinterland where no German or Liberian dare go, lodged for the moment with one of them; and Peter Castro, the other man, gave hospitality to the two German piassava traders who had come to the town when Togo-land fell into the hands of the English. The little street was choked with palm and oleander and other bush, but through a break Fenton, following the direction of the missionary's keen old eyes, could just see Castro's ricketty verandah and Voss and Schuhart resting a glass against the post and taking it in turns to look out to sea.

He laughed scornfully for there was nothing to see but a leaden sea under a leaden sky, a sea grey and colorless and smooth, without the white top of a single wave to break the monotony. Only against the shore the line of surf crashed eternally.

"One way of killing time," opined Fenton.

"Squareheads don't kill time," snapped the missionary and he swallowed vehemently, "but I'm nootral, I am, by order——"

"The devil you are!" broke in Fenton, who did not feel called upon to swallow his language even though he hoped to make the missionary his father-in-law, "now what in Hades have two squareheads looking out anxiously to sea——"

"Want a steamer before the tornado that's over doo most like. I can drop to that if I am nootral, for loadin' after a tornado's—wal the Kroo boy's a highbrow reg'lar, but even he ain't ekal to handlin' heavy stuff. Quick, mind you, quick a'ter a tornado."

"But," began Fenton in puzzled tones, "piassava isn't heavy," and the old man looked at him scornfully.

"Josh!" he said, with a world of regret in his tones, "some folks is born jays, reg'lar highbrow jays!" and he

rose up slowly, descended the verandah steps, crossed a line of driver-ants thoughtfully, and entered the conventicle whence was issuing another burst of native song.

Fenton followed him. He had half a mind to go up to the Mission Station and see Becky, for if he left for England by the "Chama" it might be that he would never see her again after this week. But the old man had more than hinted that he was missing his opportunities here, and he felt he must work the problem out. So he too strolled over and looked into the chapel.

It was one of those where anybody took the lead whom the spirit moved; and, the hymn being finished, the spirit had moved a very fat and very black negress with a baby's little round white sailor hat stuck on the top of her frizzy black head to confess her sins in the face of the congregation.

"Oh, Lard!" she was saying in swaying sing-song with a deep nasal twang, "Oh, Lard! 'a hab de sin ob a high stummick." She had, Fenton saw. It was outlined by a tight-fitting, flaring red cotton check dress. But he felt she did not mean it that way. "A'm proud an' uplifted, an' not humble. A'm uplifted wif de thought ob worldly riches——"

"Ah!" groaned the congregation warningly. They were all ragged scarecrows, but in their own way devout and very much inclined to agree with Mis' Pattie Pickney as to her sin of pride.

"Mak' me poor in sperrit, Lard, for the poor in sperrit shall inherit de earth."

Fenton knew "Mis'" Pattie Pickney. Since she had done him the honor of taking in his washing, she had always worn that red dress and that baby's hat with the little tails stamped with golden anchors hanging down behind; and when he remembered the tumbledown shack, outside which he had seen his pyjamas spread on the ground in the sun, he really wondered that she had felt it necessary to pray to be delivered from the danger of riches. Riches, he thought were not likely to come her way. The Reverend Isaiah was on his knees. His creed was simple. An honest prayer anywhere,

from any lips, among any surroundings, would rise to the Most High.

But this afternoon surely his thoughts were wandering, for to Fenton watching it seemed that in the midst of the good lady's most fervent outburst the lid dropped over the keen old eye in a distinct wink. Perhaps he regretted such active intervention for he bent his face in his hands with repentant swiftness and the young man listened to the end of the prayer without seeing his drift.

When the congregation came out Fenton, still in the dark, followed Mis' Pattie Pickney to her home; and the Reverend Isaiah lent him his company. Just here the beach curved out into a point behind which was a little more shelter than anywhere else for a surf boat, and on the end of that point with the surf eternally booming within a stone's throw was Mis' Pattie Pickney's abode. She called it an abode herself.

As the two white men wandered silently after her in the dense steamy heat, Fenton's mind went seeking, seeking. How did the doings of the two Germans concern him and the British Empire? If they had any little game on they would certainly keep it secret, for though they had perfect freedom of action in the free and enlightened republic of Liberia, so had he, and a wireless call would most probably bring the "Dwarf" or some other English ship upon the scene to the German's undoing. But what could they do? *What could they do?* And how in heaven's name could the lady who condescended to do his washing help them. But again the Reverend Isaiah was no fool, and in spite of the Board and the President of the United States his leanings were decidedly pro-Ally.

The shack was built mostly of rusted kerosene tins. A sack did duty for a door, a sack stopped up a square opening that was a glassless window. And there was no chimney. Not that that was any great deprivation, thought Fenton, as he lifted his solar topee and mopped his moist forehead. Still, he supposed she cooked occasionally. *Ergo:* all cooking operations had perforce to be conducted in the open. And he

had listened to the owner of this palatial residence praying to be defended from the deceitfulness of riches—and the missionary had winked!

"D—n!" said Matthew Fenton, "now what can a bundle of rags like this old girl possibly have to do with the War?" and the last part of his remark he frankly addressed to the Reverend Isaiah, for it was evident that he was taking his neutrality hard.

"If you go on thinkin' at this rate," was the prompt reply, "you'll strain them side flaps of yours. Surely for fair we might leave the poor old thing in the bereft class?"

"We might, parson," said Fenton grimly, "if I hadn't happened into the chapel this afternoon. The only people I know likely to have any loose cash are those squareheads you were watching. That ship they're looking out for—do run along home, parson. I'm going to enquire into Mis' Pattie's neutrality."

"In the daylight!" said the missionary with feeling. "You," he had to gulp down his views, "particoolar ass!"

Fenton laughed and that laugh angered the old man.

"I don' seem to figure it out," said he, moved out of himself at thought of an opportunity likely to be missed, "it wants ginger, it does, more'n this young man's got. If I hadn't found religion, God forgive me, an' I wasn't strictly nootral by order of the President an' the Board—Lord! Lord! It's a case of standin' broad jump, an' he ain't up to it." And he struck one fist fiercely against the other and let himself go in one soulful burst of profanity that mightily relieved his feelings.

Never in his life had Fenton liked his future father-in-law so much. Never had he so clearly understood what it was that charmed him in his daughter. He stretched out his hand and laid it on his shoulder.

"See me take the jump, parson," said he. "No, don't strain yourself, just stand by. Tell me, can I trust the Vai tribesmen?"

There came over the missionary's face a look that was good to see.

"Surely," said he, drawing a sigh of relief, "as nootral as I am myself."

"King George himself could ask nothing better," said Fenton cheerily.

"I'm nootral, I am, but I'll butt in so far as to tell you the German's have roped in Tin Tack an' his Kroo boys," said the missionary soberly.

"Then I must put my faith in the Vai tribesmen," said Fenton.

The Reverend Isaiah held out his hand.

"Put it there, young man," said he with a sigh of contentment. "An' remember," he cocked a wise sailor's eye at the horizon, for he had been a whaler before he had been called to the mission field, "The glass is goin' down an' there's goin' to be a tornado'll pretty near blow the stuffin' outer Lower Buchanan."

"To hell with the tornado!" swore Fenton, and he damned it from the bottom of his heart as he went off to Mis' Pattie Pickney's shack.

"What about those pyjamas of mine?" he asked of a black and rolling eye that appeared between the doorpost and the sacking.

Some feeble effort had been made to clear away the ever encroaching undergrowth and a little cassada was growing up, but there was certainly no sign that the owner of that cabin need has prayed to be delivered from the uplifting occasioned by a sudden influx of wealth. The only thing about the place that was not in the last stages of decay was the windlass and rope over the well. That was new. And he wondered why newly acquired wealth should have been wasted over that. For the well was a failure. Mis' Pickney frequently bemoaned the fact that it was dry and she had always to bring her water from a neighbor. The fact added to his washing bill.

"Oh Lard!" said Mis' Pickney in some distress, and he promptly pictured her as wearing the pyjamas under the red cotton, "de good Lard send de humidity an' it be unpossible to dessicate de penplemums nigh' garments."

The humidity there was no doubt about. The air was so hot and heavy that any exertion was an effort.

"True for you, Mis' Pickney," said Fenton, "but look here. I've got to get away up country before I go off in the 'Chama' and you must let me have those pyjamas dessicated or undesicated, you savvy, Mis' Pickney?" and he came a little closer to where a pink corrallitas was gallantly struggling to hide the fact that the doorpost was considerably out of the perpendicular.

Mis' Pickney gave an unmeaning giggle, giving a good view of her round black face and fuzzy head and then with an agitated squeal dragged the sacking against the drunken doorpost.

"When a lady's all on her lonesome," she shrieked, and he felt she was enjoying herself hugely, for as a good-looking young white man he had been an honored guest in the cabin more than once.

"All right, Mis' Pickney, you hand me out those pyjamas, or I'll come in and fetch 'em."

"Dey am dat aqueous an' drippin'," wailed Mis' Pickney.

"Well, you get the aqueosity out of 'em sharp, or I'll have to know what for," he ordered. "The Chama's due any time after Saturday and I must be back for her," and he strolled on to the point with the comfortable feeling that he was conveying to all Lower Buchanan and incidentally to the Germans that he would be out of the way for the next three or four days.

He turned when he reached the bank overlooking the sands. On one side of him was the sea, the Atlantic Ocean stretched away to the West. On the other he had a good view of all the little peninsula with its back ground of beautiful verdure clad hills. But it was not the beauty of the scene that struck him, it was the immediate surroundings of the new windlass. The Fates had been kinder to him than he deserved and his heart gave a great jump as he saw, hidden from the front by the greenery, close against the mouth of the well a long package he recognized at once. They were gun running

then, gun running to the Cameroons, of course. There was no mistaking that package. Rifles are done up in two man loads. The loads had been broken for convenience and this was half a load. Only some one standing on the extreme point could have seen it; but he wondered why it had been left there, slight as the risk was. After all only a man who had got a hint would have been likely to notice, and he carefully ignored the well as he went back to the cabin again.

"Mis' Pickney, is Jake going to take the parson to Monrovia in his surf boat to-night?" The surf boat was there drawn up on the beach and the question gave a reason for his stroll in that direction.

"Huh!" she said with scorn, taking it exactly as he had intended she should, though he winced all the same, "you's tinkin' to do some courtin' on the sly, is you?"

"Be hanged to you!" said Fenton.

There was only one thing to be done. To-night he and the Vai tribesmen could clear the well, clear it easily, he did not doubt; but then, what to do with the rifles and ammunition? As he went up the rough path to the hinterland where lay the Vai village, he turned it over in his own mind hopelessly. It was all very well for the Reverend Isaiah to suggest in a perfectly neutral manner that he should lay hands upon the munitions, but what in thunder was he to do with them when he got them? Leave them in the Vai village for the tribesmen to trade back to the Liberians and so back to the German traders? Besides, when the Germans found their cache empty they would certainly seek their goods; and since they had "roped in Tin Tack, the head of Kroo Town," they could seek with force. Fenton felt desperate as he went to make arrangements with the Vai chief for the stealing this very night. He would load the munitions into canoes on the little river at the back of the town and start up country with them. It would be a venture to make the most stout-hearted quail. Still, he must take the risk. There was no other way of disposing of them. He could not fling them wholesale into the river or the sea, that would be but to excite the cupidity of his boatmen and to leave them was out of the

question. Margins are small on the outskirts of the Empire and it might be these rifles and cartridges might just turn the scale in favor of the Germans, could they be got into the Cameroons. He would start up river with them this very night, leaving instructions for the missionary to wireless for the "Dwarf," saying there was a British subject in distress in the hinterland. He certainly would be very much in distress if the Germans with their Kroo boy following on his trail. They would show no mercy. Man for man he reckoned the Kroo boys were better men than the Vai tribesmen. Should he ever see Becky again? Could he steal a moment to bid her good-bye? And his heart was as water as he thought of her. But he never wavered. He saw his duty, even as the Reverend Isaiah saw his, and he intended to see things through to the bitter end. If only he had not been such a fool as to let the Kroo boys drift into the hands of the Germans. They would rather have served him. The Vai men were not so stalwart, they were craftsmen.

It came to him in a flash! The Vai men were craftsmen, good craftsmen. Surely they could make up dummy loads in the wrappings of the old loads. If they could put these back in the cache there was no reason why the Kroo men should not load them into the coming steamer. He grew hot and cold all over as he put the matter to the Vai chief and he thanked his stars that it had occurred to him to learn the vernacular so that he could make himself thoroughly understood. The Vai chief scratched his head and felt his chin thoughtfully, but he decided it might be done if the great Lord would pay. And the great Lord could pay.

That was so much to the good and he sped down for a brief moment to the mission station. Becky was giving her father a meal on the verandah and contrived to look cool and desirable even in the tropical heat. And perhaps he was leaving her for good and all. Was it quixotic of him to meddle?

"Parson," he said, taking the girl's hand under the table, "I guess a boat load of munitions won't make much difference one way or another in the Cameroons."

The missionary laid down the hot biscuit which the Englishman called scone and looked at him.

"Huh!" said he to the surrounding country, "hasn't the squnk of a water rat or a tadpole."

"Oh, yes, he has," said Fenton, "but he wants to make sure it's going to be worth while. Did you ever try to drop an empty bottle in a street? Did you? Then perhaps you'll gauge some of my difficulties in disposing of enough guns and ammunition to take Liberia so as not to excite suspicion in the man and brother, and if it isn't going to be worth while——"

"Oh, quit it!" said the missionary, "if I warn't nootral by order of——"

And Fenton respected his future father-in-law's astuteness. The business had to be carried through, whatever the risk.

"Well, I'm taking your word for it even if you are neutral," he said, and the missionary pushed his plate away and laid a pair of earnest hands on the table.

"Young man," said he, "there's a tornado comin' that I reckon'll corral Lower Buchanan. An' any little combine you're workin', Mat Fenton, had better be swabbed off to-night."

There was no doubt about it, such help as he could conscientiously give he would give with a free hand.

"All I can do I'll do to-night," said Fenton earnestly, "but I can't get away till to-morrow night. It'll be time enough if the squareheads don't get wind of the thing," and he gave the hand he held a little tender squeeze. "Now my idea is to get away most of the stuff to-night and to-morrow night, with the rest of my trading gear, I'll clear off up the river. I'll maybe be a bit hurried and if you'll see the canoes off to-morrow night whatever happens, mind, whatever happens——"

"You can count on me bully throughout," said the old sailor, resuming his biscuit, and Fenton felt he approved the course laid out and was somewhat comforted.

And that night in the breathless darkness he and

Ansumanah, the chief, with eighty hefty tribesmen, inspected Mis' Pattie Pickney's well and made the pleasing discovery that the reason why a half load of rifles had been left on top was because the well was so chock-a-block with loads there was room for not a rifle more.

It was ticklish work. Again and again Fenton thought they were discovered, and discovery would mean failure, for the Germans would naturally have the Liberians on their side and on this occasion the Liberians would have right on their side. The Vai tribesmen went about the business circumspectly. They came clad in their birthday garments in case of interruptions, for they had no mind to be caught trespassing and it is very difficult to get hold of a gentleman whose only dress is a good coating of cocoanut oil. They lifted those loads silently and swiftly. The only noise they made was drowned by the crashing surf. Still, Fenton kept an anxious eye on the shack where presumably Mis' Pattie Pickney slumbered; and very anxiously he watched the line of shadows that stole back through the sleeping town. Three journeys they made and then he breathed freely. The well, which was dry as a bone and as a well must always have been a failure, was empty and the first part of his job was accomplished. Now if he could only succeed in getting in the dummy loads before the steamer came or the Germans dropped to it their store had been tampered with! He was desperately anxious, for when a secret is shared by so many people it is hardly likely to remain a secret long.

*(To be concluded)*

# THE SUBMARINE

MARSHAL SOUTH

LEAN shadowy shapes that haunt the silent depths,
Where wanes the light and phantom terrors breed,
Above those dark impenetrable deeps,
Where blind sea-adders twine among the weed;
Nosing amidst the gloom, wet plates agleam
With ghostly radiance of the sea-spore's breath,
Threading the depths with silent swirling screw—
*The Submarine, grim messenger of Death.*

Lean clammy craft of death that search and prowl,
Seeking the loom of some titanic keel;
Seeking in silence, though the skies above
Tremble with gunfire and the rush of steel.
Deep in the soundless levels where they glide
The waters slither by with silent rush;
Within the long lean hull the motors purr;
Tense fingers close on valves in breathless hush.

The steadying pause; the smothered snort; the bolt,
Hurled upward at the looming mass of steel;
The tearing cauldron and the foam flecked void
Where green fumes rise and tortured waters reel.
Downward she sinks, down, down towards the ooze,
The titan dreadnaught—vanquished in a breath;
*Far from the sinking dead the Submarine*
*Glides to the gloom—grim courier of Death.*

# A WAR-TIME SUNDAY IN PARIS

Isabel van der Sluys

THAT first War-Easter, Paris woke smiling after the manner of brave Paris. There was still a chill in the air but the day was bright. The waters of the Seine danced between its sober stone banks, under its stable stone bridges, as though conscious that they had come down from the Valley of the Marne, where Notre Joffre had turned back the monster that threatened to strangle the life of France, conscious that they were going on to Rouen where were English headquarters, earnest of the great army of new-made friends that should come whence formerly came only foes. From the Valley of Death and Salvation to the City of Alliance and Hope, the waters flowed. What matters the present on the Feast of the Resurrection?

The little island of the ancient infant city, crowned with the glory of Notre Dame, nestled as ever in the arms of the on-flowing river. From an early hour, as Mass followed Mass, living streams crossed and recrossed the open square before the Cathedral, thousands coming, as they were bidden, to keep the Queen Feast in their Mother Church. An hour before the High Mass we had found a place of vantage, high up in the triforium-gallery, under the first choir arch. From there we could look down on the heads of the choir below, on the ministrants at the Altar to the right and the packed mass of human praying forms in the nave to the left, or could rest our eyes in the depths of the North Rose-window opposite, whose rich greens and blues first altered my childish impression of a garish all-gold Heaven.

It was beautiful and impressive, but after all the Mass is the Mass in the simplest Mission Church of the New World as in Notre Dame de Paris. Here were gorgeous vestments, costly jewels, and soulful music; but praying human beings are more impressive than vestments or jewels or music and what most stirred us was the character, the spirit of this multitude that had come to offer the Sacrifice of Thanksgiving

on the Feast of Unconquerable Life while their France was at death grips with her cruel enemy, their loved ones perhaps at that moment dying. The intense attention, the rapt devotion choked one.

The nave was black in contrast to the brilliant color in the choir but it was not yet to a great extent the black of mourning. There were crepe veils to be sure; but it was more the black of the elderly lady, of the French school girl, of the chic Parisienne dressed as always for the time and place; and still more the habitual black of the Parisian lower and lower-middle classes, as the habit of the lower classes must always predominate in any democratic gathering. Nor was this a mere women's meeting. There were few men in the nave, but the aisles were choked with them. One young man I saw, not in uniform, white, emaciated. One needed not to ask why he was not elsewhere. His presence, as that of the few wounded, emphasized the absence of the others, the strong young ones. These hundreds were middle-aged men or old, the fathers of Fighting France. There were workmen in Sunday blouses and workmen in Sunday suits, tradesmen, clerks, professional men. This one might be a magistrate, that one a banker. They were mostly substantial if not prosperous. The predominant male was not the small-waisted picture Frenchman, but the heavily built type, well proportioned, neither stout nor slender, with square closely trimmed black-bearded chin.

Looking at them one could but wonder at the mental obliquity—or was it moral—that made us judge France decadent, our attention held by the sensuous harmonies of one meaningless opera, the voluptuous cadences of one witless poem, the objectless whirl of one futurist picture, our eyes dazzled by the lights of a section where no respectable French woman ever goes, where few of the men are French. *Was it the evil in us that made us see only gay Paris in beautiful France, only the evil in Paris?*

From the height of my indignation I was caught by a dash of color in the dark sea below, a bunch of yellow flowers close to a bowed silver head.

"It is Colonel d'Agnesseau and his wife," my sister whispered. "I never saw her wear bright colors before."

"No, but it's a hopeful sign," I suggested, my thoughts on the battle line. "Roland, so far ——"

My sister nodded.

I could see in fancy the proudly held, brown-curled head, the lithe, erect figure, the rich color borrowed from out of doors, the laughing hazel eyes, the mischievous curved lips, of the quick-tempered, mild-natured lieutenant who had dined with us so often at the *pension,* bridged with us, chatted with us—a year ago. And the merry, golden-haired, blue-eyed demoiselle whom we had once seen in the same box at the Opera Comique, where was she? Was her little home in Lorraine destroyed? Was she in danger or was she safe and at that moment praying for the life of her lover, perhaps in the more fashionable Madeleine, or had she forgotten?

She loved him as he loved, her Roland had told us unashamed, explaining that she had been brought up in the new manner which the French are taking from the English and Americans, and of which he only half approved. Naturally only half approved, for while it left her free to listen to his love and to refuse other suitors favored by her parents, it also left her open to the personal solicitations of those other suitors. As for his suit, sa far it was helpless, he had said; neither family would listen to even a suggestion of it; but he would find a way. With the kindly old colonel possibly I thought, but with Madame, noticing the way her lips came together, it was doubtful. That was a year ago.

When the angels' song of Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth, Peace, Goodwill to Men had filled every cranny of the vast church; and the loved archbishop had blessed his flock, absent as well as present, one could but believe; and the nave had emptied, we, having climbed down from our eminence and reached the porch of the Virgin, greeted our old friends.

We found them changed. We had felt that they were always denying themselves to give to their popular son the wherewithal to mingle in that Society to which he was

entitled by birth. For that and yet to enjoy something of him and of their dear Paris in its gayest season they submitted to the cheap pension where in one of our spasms of economy we had met them, and then to a round of dull country visits till they could go to their tiny flat in Nice. Yet Madame, a pretty little woman much younger than her husband, had always been well dressed, if simply, entirely in black, with something of chic. To-day her two-years-ago suit was going brown at the seams, the bonnet she usually wore when not swathed in crepe for some distant connection, had lost its dignity with its aigrette, in place of which, standing up rakishly against the black lace was the bizarre little bunch of jonquils.

No, they had not gotten to Nice. Too far from news. Impossible! A friend, who had not come up from her chateau near Tours had lent them her apartment on the Champ de Mars. Very lively down in Touraine! Several military depots from the invaded territory moved there Fortunately they had been able to let their own apartment to an old gentleman who couldn't get home to Warsaw. "Such a lot of Poles and Russians at Nice always!"

"Such a lot of retired French officers at Nice always!" I retorted.

He smiled under his silky, silvered mustache but answered soberly, "Such a lot of French officers at Nice now, at least temporarily retired, if not for life, and soldiers too, the brave children!"

"Yes, I saw them. They were all along the Riviera, lounging on green banks, in the little parks, on the promenades, out window balconies! The railroad was literally lined with them and at Nice the whole hill of Cimiez was covered with them."

"You were at Nice then?" he took up, interested.

"Came up that way from Rome, rested a day after the ordeal of the frontier. Why do all trains in war time arrive at the frontier just at midnight?"

"To discourage travel perhaps," he laughed. "And how was Nice?"

"A city of hotels metamorphosed into a city of hospitals, a city of pleasure into a city of pain. Though," I corrected, "most of the wounded seem convalescent and cheerful, basking in the blessed southern sun. What an experience it is for some of them! Picture the bewilderment of a peasant from a remote mountain village of Auvergne or the Cevennes brought up, convalescent, from the palatial ward in the Hotel de —— with its memories of royalty, to share with a Marseillaise laborer perhaps, a twenty francs a day private room and tiled bath."

"*Les paysans du Midi,* too!" he emphasized with a northerner's superiority.

"Then drawing up suddenly, without explanation, without continuity, he burst out, "Oh, you think that was a fine Mass you had today! But you should have seen a military Mass in the presence of the Emperor!" his voice softening on the loved name. "An outdoor Mass, the sword points all glistening in the sun, in the Salute! *Ah! Quelle spectacle!*"

The Colonel brought me back, interrupting himself to say in a matter-of-fact voice, as he waved vaguely toward the fine cone-crowned mediaeval towers that flank the entrance to the Conciegerie, "My father was imprisoned then."

"But how could ——?"

"As a baby, in the Terror. My grandmother should not have come up from Normandy. True she had to sleep three nights out of doors under a hedge, with nothing much to eat but chestnuts and apples, and a baby to nurse, born after they murdered the king; but later some faithful peasants took her in, hid her in a loft and would no doubt have cared for her, but she would come to Paris."

"Where was your grandfather?" I asked.

"When she was in there?" He hesitated, red spots coming in his blanched, sunken cheeks. "*Emigré.* Over the Rhine. It wasn't right. What if the people had gone mad? It was France. To join France's enemies! Nothing excuses that."

I drew back clumsily from the sore spot I had inad-

vertently touched. "Why don't you use your title, Colonel?"

"What is a count without a chateau?" He shrugged. "They burned it. They thought he was with the army. He was, till they forced Lafayette out. He was loyal to the constitution, but they didn't care; they burned it because he was a count. He was trying to get home, in disguise, by a roundabout way. He arrived in time to see the last wall crumble, all but the tower that was built by the crusader d'Agnesseau. He thought his wife and child were killed. Then he emigrated. He never knew they had lived. He died fighting against France."

There were tears in the faded blue eyes. It seemed a wound that would never heal.

Trying to turn his thoughts, I said gently and as I thought gallantly. "You will always be Monsieur le Comte to me."

With that sometimes staggering French frankness he answered quite simply, "Oh, yes, the bourgeois always like it. My daughter-in-law is very much Mme. la Vi-Comtesse."

"Daughter-in-law?"

"Oh, yes, didn't you know? The pretty little Meunier girl. Roland spoke of sending you cards, I remember, but how could cards find such quicksilver? We laughed at the match at first. Aside from their birth I had had a prejudice against the father for thirty years. He was a sub-lieutenant in my company. They raised him over my head, twenty years my junior and retired me an officer of '70. Said I was reactionary. They didn't trust me." There was bitterness in the old man's voice now, and pain.

"But it wasn't Meunier's fault," he went on impartially. And it seems he didn't think a poor retired colonel's son good enough for his heiress daughter!" He laughed. "Yes, she was to be an heiress, my wife found out. Mines and factories and things in the North!"

The swirling gesture of the aristocratic arm expressed at once the immensity of the fortune and its indefiniteness, in his complete innocence of such matters. It was like a child's account of the wealth of a fairy princess.

"Of course that altered our point of view and an investigation of our pedigree altered theirs. Though to be fair that wasn't all. Meunier was determined his daughters should marry at once, and this one would marry no one but my son. He, the general, had been in Germany, was there this time last year. Saw things with his own eyes. Speaks German and looks enough German to pass for one in a train or shop. Talked to the people. Went to Essen and Kiel. Followed, of course, by the Secret Service. But he saw enough. Come home stark mad, I thought, talking about war when all was quiet. I'm an old man and I was out of touch with things. I thought our troubles were over and there would be nothing but peace and rest for me till the end. Ah well, there have been men older than I driven from their cottages, and they love their hovels better than a prince his palace, they have nothing else. And old women driven before soldiers, bayonets in their backs!" The fire I had thought dead for years leaped in the old count's eyes.

"So you consented to the marriage?" I brought him back.

"That goes without saying. He was wonderfully generous about the dot. Couldn't do enough. And so with all his daughters. He has no son, so he married them all to officers before they could think. All but the school-girl. There will be no officers left for her and her like, poor little things, unless they marry cripples or blind men. And now Meunier is a prisoner in Germany—he was in command at—you remember—and all his fortune gone. What the Boches haven't destroyed they will before they go. But Yvonne is a sweet little girl, in spite of the queer advanced way she was brought up. You Americans would like her."

"They were married as soon as war was declared?"

"Oh, no. Meunier wouldn't wait for that. Said there would be no time after the Kiel canal was finished. They were married four days after the opening, June twenty-eighth, the day the match was struck at Serajevo as it turned out. A bad omen!" he finished, shaking his head.

Puzzled, but taking courage from the jaunty spring

bravery of the bonnet not far ahead of us now, I ventured the question on my mind.

"You have good news from your son? He is well so far?"

I had taken his arm again. I felt it tremble. He seemed absorbed in knocking a pebble out of the gravel with his stick. Then looking me in the face with brave dim eyes he answered in that word that to those of us that have seen is fraught with more anguish than any other.

"*Missing.*"

I could say nothing.

"It was like this," he went on. They had recrossed the Marne, were advancing, but had a little set back. My son's regiment wasn't supported. On the right they could make no headway, the left was falling back. They had to fall back, too. It was a bayonet charge, through a village, in a hail of shot. Roland's company had gone too far. He was in advance. You know how impetuous he was He must have heard the call for retreat just as he fell. Three soldiers tried to pick him up and fell. The officers were signaling, calling them back. He raised up on his elbow and yelled at them to obey, swore at them!" grimly smiling with soldierly enjoyment of his son's supreme moment. He paused before finishing quietly.

"That was the last they saw of him. The Germans were over him. Some say they saw him fall back on the ground again. When we got back there was no trace of him. The women pin their faith on his strong voice, but there is nothing in that. I saw a case like it at Sedan. Man's voice was as strong as mine. He fell back dead."

Seven months! Surely the most seriously wounded prisoner would be able to communicate with his family in seven months, and an officer! My face must have shown my wondering commiseration of a childish confidence as my eye fell on the flaunting yellow just ahead.

"Oh, you don't suppose I have any hope. I haven't had for months. It is for our daughter." There was no in-law this time, I noticed. "My wife talks bravely even to me, but

I feel sure she is deliberately deceiving herself the better to act her part. You see her flowers." He smiled appreciatively. "I stuck them in my wife's bonnet Christmas day when our little girl was low spirited, getting hysterical. When she is out of danger I expect my wife will collapse."

"You haven't told me, Colonel——," I hesitated. "She——"

"He! Thank God it was a boy. Yesterday. That is why we were at Notre Dame. My wife said Ste. Cothilde wasn't big enough. A fine boy."

"And the mother?" I begged, tears in my eyes, seeing once more the laughing, teasing, blue-gowned girl over whose white shoulder leaned an ardent young officer, oblivious to the eyes of the opera or of the beautiful Venetian scene on the stage while the Barcarolle made fitting accompaniment to his own love making.

"She is young and strong," the father answered, "but we must keep up hope till she is well. We have played our parts well."

"And afterward?" I murmured.

But the colonel was too many years from romance to dwell on that. He followed his own thought.

"He'll be christened Roland, for his soldier father and his soldier grandfather. It's a good name. My grandmother, all alone in the chateau, France falling to pieces it seemed, gave it to the baby that went through the Terror. No one in the family had ever borne it before. It was a revolutionary thing for a young wife of the old régime to do. It is a name that has served France well. And this one's father wasn't an emigré. He died fighting for France, like the first Roland. That's something. And France, France goes on!"

We had come to the point of the historied old island where the protecting arms of the river clasped hands, as it were. We joined Madame and my sister in the shadow of France's great Henry. He, too, had known war and the murder of innocent women and children—*but France had lived.*

Madame was talking feverishly. With all due respect to the valiant Gallieni, she was saying, it was without doubt the prayers of Ste. Genevieve that had again saved her Paris from the " Huns " as they had saved it centuries before.

Then, seeing her husband and myself, she reminded us that on that very spot had stood the fort that had defended Paris against the ruthless Vikings; and taunted the three of us that it was our fathers that had threatened Paris a thousand years ago, for on the strength of an ancestor that had " come over with the Conqueror " the colonel had adopted us as Normans, while another ancestor in the train of Eleanor of Aquitaine at the English court made us cousins to Madame. We retorted that the South of France had been at war with Paris and the North long after our Vikings had turned into peaceable Christians.

In the midst of such badinage how could I speak of the loss of her idolized son?

We parted laughing, promising to attend the christening, each going our way. On the Pont Neuf we paused, held as always by the beauty of the scene so pregnant of memories. Looking down on the waters gliding past the moss-grown abutments of the bridge that was new in 1603, waters that had come perhaps from the Marne where Roland d'Agnesseau fell, waters that would wash perhaps the ruined town that the crusader d'Agnesseau had built, the age-wise river seemed to smile up at me: " But I am still going on."

*And France is still going on!*

# THE CHILD LABOR SITUATION

MAX HARRIS WILENSKY

THERE has lingered with me, while thinking of this subject, the thought of a truly American, and hence, truly human nature, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; who, at her great institution in the slums of that city, stresses the importance of our country's grasp of the commonplace, crude, and yet vigorous, in the lives of its very poor children. Before quoting her, let me say that we look in vain today for a nobler type of womanhood—one making her culture, through the spirit of sociability, reach out into the dark places for the development of all classes and races of our complex population, and in thought and act living an early girlhood's vision of helping to love humanity into more nobility of living through the love of little children. She loves the commonplace because of its potentialities and pleads above all for a fair chance for the children of all classes, at work and at play, to be properly nourished by a nation for its own future service. She understands, as few do, that genius and achievement live in the hut more than in the palace, because poverty invigorates to creative work as often as wealth enervates to sham imitation. In her thoughtful and deeply sincere work, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," she says of youth in industry or the child laborers in our country:

> "Knowing as educators do that thousands of the city youth will enter factory life at an age as early as the state law will permit; instructed as the modern teacher is as to youth's requirements for a normal, mental and muscular development, it is hard to understand the apathy in regard to youth's inevitable experience in modern industry. Are the educators, like the rest of us, so caught in admiration of the astonishing achievements of modern industry that they forget the children themselves?"

By our undue stress of commercial activity in a young republic such as ours, we have made industrial supremacy a selfish, anarchic aim of the individual, instead of a means

to the full development of the American people. Greed takes the lead over honest efficiency, being more emphasized in our daily relations. The words of a great statesman, now President of the United States, " I would not feel any exhilaration in belonging to America, if I did not feel that she was something more than a rich and powerful nation," have not found wide acceptance as an active principle of industrial conduct. We admire the grand things achieved in industry, boast of the wonderful institutions in our land for the care of cripples, diseased, and the industrially incapacitated of our youth; and yet we will not understand that the faulty system of child labor at our doors perpetuates an evil against little children throughout the nation; we will not understand the feebleness of catering, through institutions of benevolence, to a sentiment of altruism, compared to the enforcement of a good law to kill an evil at its source. We have not had time to grasp the deep significance of the thought of President Wilson, recently expressed upon the subject of patriotism, *"It seems to me that the peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it, but to regenerate it."*

Why, you may ask, such emphasis on the general aspects of child labor? Let me answer that, by further relief demanded in the child labor situation of the United States, I mean more than added legislation. Relief is demanded more imperatively at present in the enlightenment and education of public opinion, to a better appreciation of child values. It is futile to enact laws on child labor in a state, if the people lack the appreciation of their value to the child. Moreover, *in these days of betrayed legislation, it is difficult to determine whether the statute laws are really the voice of the people.* And that is what we must get at first of all. It is not believed that the final intention of the people of the State of Georgia, for example, is fulfilled in present child labor legislation, which tolerates an illiteracy of over 63,000 children between the ages of 10 and 14—next to Alabama, the greatest number of any state in the entire Union.

Let us consider further the conditions in Georgia today. We learn from the analytical charts in the 1915 publication of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, entitled "Child Labor Legislation in the United States," that Georgia is the only state in the entire Union that permits children under an age as low as 12 years to work at dangerous, injurious or immoral occupations*—most other states making the minimum 16, 18 or 21 years; and even the Philippine Islands making the minimum 16 years. *Georgia is one of eleven states in the Union which still permit manufacturing establishments, mills, laundries and places of amusement to employ children under 12 years of age.* In Georgia the general law is that such employment is prohibited under the age of 14, but the exemption clause permits such employment of children of 12 years who have widowed mothers dependent upon them or who are dependent upon their own labor for support †—the very children who need the state's protection most.

There has been a signal advance in Georgia in the adoption of section 3137 of the Civil Code which limits to ten hours a day and sixty hours a week the labor of all employees in cotton or woolen manufacturing establishments, with certain rather extensive exceptions; for as late as the enactment of the present law of 1914 Georgia was one of only 5 states in the country which allowed 10 hours a day and 66 hours a week of work for children under sixteen years of age. But this provision is restricted to cotton and woolen manufacturing establishments, and leaves unregulated all other fields of child labor, except that night work in messenger service, between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m., is prohibited for children under 16, and in manufacturing establishments, mills or places of amusement between 7 p. m. and 6 a. m., for children under 14 years and 6 months.

There has been an advance in Georgia in the require-

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* See Georgia Code 1914, Penal section 756.

† See Georgia Code 1914, Civil section 3149(a).

ment of documentary proof of the age of a child applying for an employment certificate. As late as the present law of 1914 the law read, "required for any child employed in a factory (excepting an orphan, etc.), the affidavit of parent or guardian stating age and date of birth"; and this affidavit was made to the mill president himself, of whom it was presumed that he would see to it that no child under age would be allowed to work; that, according to the law, the child under 18 had attended school for 12 weeks, 6 weeks consecutively, and the child under 14, for 12 weeks consecutively. There was no proof of the completion of a specified amount of work in school before employment was permitted, as in Oregon, New York and a half dozen other states, where proof was the school record of the child, as vouched for by the superintendent of the public schools. Today, however, under section 3149 (b) and (c), no child under 14 years and 6 months can work in a mill, factory, laundry, manufacturing establishment or place of amusement "unless the person, firm or corporation employing such child has and keeps on file accessible to the officials charged with the enforcement of this article, a certificate from the superintendent of schools in the county or city in which such child resides that such child is not less than 14 years of age, has attended school for not less than 12 weeks of the 12 months preceding the date of issuance of such certificate." But, even, here an exception is added for orphans dependent on their own labor for support or supporting widowed mothers.

Of the 48 states and the territories, we find twenty which prohibit child labor in mines below the age of 16. We find Montana prohibiting child labor in manufacturing establishments, as well as mines, below the age of 16, and Michigan and Ohio prohibiting child labor in manufacturing and mercantile establishments and offices as well as in mines, below the age of 15. *If 20 states prohibit work in mines for children below the age of 16, why should not Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi and other states do so in their mills and factories, which are just as dangerous to health as mines?* Surely, Montana is not so much richer in natural wealth than

Georgia, Mississippi or South Carolina that she can afford to be more humane with her child labor laws as applied to mines, than these states with their laws applied to cotton mills and factories. And why should 37 states prohibit children below 14, under any circumstances, to labor in manufacturing establishments, mills, laundries and places of amusement, and Georgia continue her exemption clause which permits a child over 12 to be so employed and South Carolina and Mississippi, for example, permit outright such employment over 12 years!

But the evil of Child Labor lies not only, as so far shown, in the employment of children of an improper age, or at improper occupations, or for too great a period of time, or while in improper physical condition; *but also when the operation of such employment excludes opportunity for education.* Georgia's illiteracy among its native Anglo-Saxon, as well as its negro population, is appalling. As stated, next to Alabama, Georgia has the largest percentage of illiterate children between the ages of 10 and 14 years of any state in the entire country. And closely linked with that fact is another —that Georgia is one of only two states (Mississippi being the other) without a compulsory education law. And it is important to bear in mind that the further relief which is needed in child labor conditions cannot be limited to a mere removal of the child under age from factory and mill life, but compulsory attendance at school must follow such removal. In fact, we can readily see that mere removal of the child from the factory or mill, without compelling school attendance, would, in many cases, aggravate instead of relieve. Dr. Felix Adler, professor of political and social ethics at Columbia University and Chairman of the National Child Labor Committee, has this to say of the relationship of compulsory education laws to child labor legislation:

"It is not enough to shut the children out of the factory; we must also bring them into the school and compel the parents, if necessary, to send them to school; the movement for compulsory education everywhere goes hand in hand, must go hand in hand, with the child labor movement."

And the 1915 Report of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor upon Child Labor Legislation in the United States, p. 22, contains this statement:

> "In this question of occupation regulated indeed, as in many other questions concerning the employment of children, the compulsory education law of a state must be considered in connection with the child labor law."

This is not difficult to understand. The most effective way of preventing illegal employment of children is by compulsory education, throughout the entire period during which employment is prohibited. Think of it—46 states and Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska and the District of Columbia, all have this requirement, while Georgia and Mississippi are the only states without a compulsory education law. Georgia requires only 12 weeks of attendance at school for children over 14 during the one year previous to employment. If a law such as that in Georgia prohibits children under 14 from working, it should go further and require them to be at school during the entire school-age period up to the time of prohibited employment, and during the entire school term of every year of that period and not merely for an almost valueless 12 weeks of just one year previous to employment. Because of the willingness with which parents send children to work under the legal age, in the state where children under the legal age of employment are not obliged to be in school all of the school year, complications and difficulties in enforcing the child labor law of the state invariably arise.

Using Georgia as an illustration, we have seen that it is far behind the great majority of states in our country in child labor legislation that is based upon an educated public opinion which acts, and that whatever good provisions the present law contains are almost nullified by the lack of compulsory education. Using the same illustration, let us consider specifically another proof of needed relief in child labor conditions—the lack of factory inspection—which shares with the lack of compulsory education in rendering almost nugatory the child labor laws of a state. The lack of real factory inspection as a distinct function of the State, in 16 states

and 2 territories, and its total absence in 9 states, afford the most signal instances of the need of further relief in child labor conditions. In Georgia, for example, without factory inspection, the new child labor law of 1914 is but feebly enforced. Factory inspection was the chief provision clamored for in 1899 and had to be left out of the law then proposed, in order to get any legislation at all upon the subject. Seventeen years have passed and still very little has been done to fill the need in Georgia. And yet, maltreating a child in Georgia, but recently seemed to cause Georgians to lose their heads. The feeling of indignation against this one instance of child maltreatment might be felt to be genuine, if the same feeling were manifested also in the countless daily instances of maltreatment of children in factories and mills through the evasion of the child labor law.

Do we realize the great necessity of a definite official for factory inspection in a state? "In states where there are no officials for inspection," says the National Consumers League, "there is no enforcement of child labor legislation. The value of child labor laws depends upon the number and quality of inspectors, their tenure of office, and the money appropriated for their use." And, as stated to me in interviews with two men of the city of Atlanta, who have given this question careful consideration in Georgia, Mr. Hooper Alexander, now United States District Attorney, and Mr. C. T. Ladson, above referred to—without factory inspection the whole fabric of child labor legislation in Georgia is too weak for service. It is not urged that the factory inspector be given the power of issuing employment certificates. The local boards of education—in Georgia, the superintendent of schools alone issues such certificates—are the only officials who ought to have this power. But Georgia needs imperatively factory inspectors with decent salaries, whose business it is to inspect and prosecute for violation of the law, and not merely a commissioner of labor with only general duties as to inspection, and whose other duties make inspection possible only when a complaint is brought to his attention, which an indifferent citizenship rarely does. The law will

never be actively beneficial and forcefully operative with such conditions prevailing as to factory inspection.

It is no answer to say that Georgia—to continue the illustration—has a preventative to factory abuses in the provision of the present law found in sections 3149 (c), (f) and (g), of the Civil Code, 1914 Laws. Section 3149 (c) reads:

> "The Commissioner of Labor may at any time revoke any certificate if, in his judgment, the certificate was improperly issued. He is authorized to investigate the true age of any child employed, hear evidence, and require the production of relevant books or documents."

Section 3149 (f) reads:

> "It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Labor and his authorized assistants to see that the provisions of this article (S 3149(a) —3149(h)—) are enforced."

Section 3149 (g) makes violation of the article by a corporation or firm, parent, guardian or superintendent of schools, a misdemeanor.*

Are these provisions preventatives? No complaint will be lodged against a mill or factory by the average citizen, who has no true knowledge of actual conditions, such as is here set out only after much investigative labor. Paid factory inspectors, whose business it is to ferret out violations of the law, are necessary to remedy the present conditions and make the law effective. As expressed by Mr. A. J. McKelway, formerly of Atlanta, and now at Washington as secretary of the National Child Labor Committee: "* * * the manufacturer too often, the parent nearly always, and sometimes the child, is on the side of the mill." Factory inspection will see to it that the name of every person working on the premises, whether that person is officially employed or is simply "suffered to work," appears on the roll of the firm or corporation employing them. Otherwise, factory inspection too will be a farce.

It is not necessary to recite further actual facts as they exist in Georgia to illustrate the need of further relief in our child labor conditions and the urgent necessity of enactment

* For penalty for misdemeanor see p. 8 (Code 1914, Penal section 1065).

into law of the Keating-Owen Federal Child Labor bill. In a word, Georgia, as one of the backward states, is today still classified in the black list as to child labor conditions, as one of 9 states without any special officer for factory inspection, as the only state permitting children over 12 to work at dangerous, injurious, or immoral occupations, and one of only two states without compulsory education. Merely from this brief summary of salient defects in the present law, I believe it can be fairly said that further relief is urgent in those backward states of which Georgia is a striking illustration.

Of course, one will not agree with this conclusion, if he or she believes we should encourage conditions of individual aggrandizement through the moral starvation of many. But, surely, no one will uphold that brutal, selfish living of men and women supported in luxury by dwarfing the bodies and minds of little children. Shall we tend through our ignoring the education of early youth, that urges a spirit of fine considerateness in human relations, towards the anarchy and chaos of individual might making right; or shall we direct our growth towards fraternity, towards moral strength and mutual living? Was the sentiment of altruism, distinguishing man from beast, developed in the human nature for no final purpose? Can we answer that and say that the sale of the God-given right of every child to its period of normal physical, mental, and moral development can be justified on the ground of commercial greatness? Shall we help to perpetuate the control of cruel taskmasters who know no love beyond their selfish family circle and who demand of others, bricks without even furnishing straw; or shall we strive in the direction of building up the American Nation—yet surely but young in building—as a nation in which shall flourish the small towns, the villages and hamlets, with their hundred happy homes, where there is no more maddening loneliness but leisure used for appreciation of the beautiful outside—and yes, even within— the sphere of daily toil! By our undue stress of the commercial spirit, we have forced the masses to encourage desertion from the farming lands, the real strength of our country. We have forced them to the cities

through the hue and cry of high prosperity heralded as there quickly obtained, and thus led them to send their boys of tender years into the breaker, and their little girls and boys into the silk and cotton mills. *Why, the very machinery of our Southern cotton mill is adapted to child labor. The spinning frame is built for a child of 12 to 14, so that an adult would have to stoop at the task.*

The great economic cry of these United States is for the proper adjustment of labor to leisure, of industry to culture, of city to country life—a cry which has echoed through the ages, following the overthrow of mighty empires and the degeneration of great races of men. Ever since four thousand years ago the human race fled from the Pharoah to personal liberty, history has again and again repeated its lesson, so often unheeded, that slavery in any form can never endure. Assyria, Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Rome—they all passed away because their pampered civilization was nurtured upon the blood of industrial slaves drawn by the lash of the taskmaster.

And today, "Westward the course of empire takes its way!" Shall we continue the mistake? The success or failure of this great experiment of Democracy on the American continent hangs upon the actual answer in our national life. The habits of the young from 10 to 20 determine the habits of the nation. Therefore, the dehumanizing curse of child labor must cease. The position of Georgia illustrates the need of further relief, and how terribly slow is the awakening of an indifferent citizenship "shut up in measureless content" with its immediate private interests. It has grown so accustomed to the injustice, it either merely waxes sentimental on the subject without inconveniencing itself individually by remedying it or is unable to note any distinction between justice and injustice in this matter.

Before closing let us ask, what are the reasons advanced for the employment of children for more than 8 hours a day in factories and mills under 14 years of age and in mines under 16 years, and the denial to them of the common-school education, which should be theirs by a moral right? *What*

*are the reasons?* It was claimed in 1899 before the House Committee on Child Labor, that the reduction of the labor of children to eleven hours a day in cotton mills in Georgia stopped the building of mills in the state for five years. Are little children employed at 93 cents a week, the wage actually paid to young children in some of our mills, factories, and canning camps—are such children necessary to keep up the mills of Georgia or any other state? What an opportunity for the South, now expanding in manufacturing to a point of rivalry with the North, to prove that there at least, where the raw cotton is grown, she can well afford to make unnecessary their little children's labor in the cotton mill!

And not only in the cotton mill, the mine, the factory; child labor on the farm also must cease. We have not been accustomed to thinking of child labor existing on the farm. The farm boy must be allowed to rise above the tobacco-squirting hilarity of the laborer, born to a one-ply course of existence. Environment is more than half of success. Because a human being has been degraded through the denial of a meagre part of the opportunities which you and I have had, because he has no freedom, no school, no outlook, in outrageous mockery we loathe his degradation and give it as the reason why we should never be allowed to escape from it. Never allowed in childhood a glimpse of life awakened, the existence of the farm boy is often cramped into a snuff-chewing boyhood and a pine-whittling manhood steeped in the enervating superstitions characteristic of our country villages. What a shame against the state of Georgia for example, and what a weak foundation for steady advance in agricultural life is the fact already mentioned that there are over 63,000 illiterate children in the state between the ages of 10 and 14—next to Alabama the largest number of any state in the country! And these illiterates are found almost entirely in the rural communities or backwoods sections of the state. And because of this status of the child, it is not difficult to understand why the American tenant farmer, the poor Southern "cracker" as he is called, unconsciously looked down upon by the city man, and pitifully suspicious

himself of the city friend who would help him, has little ambition, despite the vigor which country life should give him. On a recent visit to the little town of Loganville, Georgia, one of the local farmers explained to me, while on a drive over his farms, the tenant system, by which he fed and clothed his tenants and gave them one-half of the profits of their labor. I remarked to him that it seemed to me his tenants then must take as much interest in the success of the farm as himself. "No," he answered, "that's the trouble. If I do not watch them, drive around here every few hours to see that they do their work, they just slink back into their lazy I-don't-care existence, knowing that they are provided for by me and that they don't have to work any faster than necessary for the daily provision. They just haven't the ambition—that's the whole thing in a nutshell."

This farmer-landlord was oblivious of the fact that on his own farms, boys of 12 years were working who had but two weeks schooling in the year. He saw nothing wrong in that. The tearful sentiment of the noble women of the state, often ridiculed by the self-satisfied, continues to plead for an awakened public sentiment that will make a compulsory education law (yet to be established in Georgia and Mississippi) not a hardship, but a blessing to the poor in the country. They see that there is a connection between the lack of a common school education to the child in the rural community and the shiftless labor without ambition on the farms. They realize that the culture of the city is of small value if it has no actual connection with the farm; and that despite the apparent health glowing over the fields of the South, it will continue to have the stoop, the sallow face, the sunken cheek, and listless spirit in her country boys and girls, who should be vigorous and healthy as long as city culture has no bearing on ignorance of hygienic conditions in the country.

Let it be clearly understood that this plea is not a sentimental one against healthy labor at the proper age for children. *The demand is for the right of the child to free development, under normal conditions for its true adjustment to the world, during its impressionable period of life.*

# WHY CHILDREN WORK

MARION DELCOMYN

WORK is the cork-jacket of living. Work is so much a necessity of existence that it would seem less a question of *why* children work, than *how*. But though work is good, it unfortunately often is carried to excess in the case of the child.

The result of this excess is strikingly seen in the stunted growth of the young men and women who daily pour out of factories and mills. Watch them for yourself and see. Watch the children come out limp and weary, tots many of them, with or without their mothers. Pale, sad, tired little faces—too tired to smile, too tired to play. Why is this so, you ask? Better laws governing child labor have been, or are about to be, passed in most of the States. But the new Federal law, as well as all State laws, which have been passed to prevent child labor, have been aimed at the employers of such labor, and do not strike at the root of the evil. They are simply steps in the right direction. And the employer, who for so many years was the scapegoat, on whom all the blame for child labor was heaped, now is foremost in all welfare work planned and carried out for the benefit of the workers, adults and children alike. All of which is perfectly true, with this exception: that the blame was placed on the wrong goat.

This should be quite obvious to anyone studying the problem, for *child labor is as great a scandal as ever.* Let us then look for the real power behind it that we may put the blame where it belongs. Let us state the bald facts. *The real culprits are two: first, the parents who profit; next, you and I who heedlessly permit it.*

The roots of the tragedy of child labor are found in the homes of the children at work. There they are nurtured by greed, avariciousness and stupidity.

The " cry of the children " is the bitterest and most sorrowful that rises from human lips, their little bodies stunted and crippled at a pitifully tender age, in order that their earn-

ings may be added to the hoard of those who gave them life, for the very purpose of exploiting them subsequently.

Legislation has been invoked in most of the States of the Union to regulate the hours, the work, and the age of the little labor slaves. But no legislation, no welfare work started by the employers of labor, can be of permanent effect with does not receive the co-operation of the parents. *Those who are fighting for the rights of the children, almost invariably, find their stoutest foes in the fathers and mothers, who coin shameful dollars from the bodies and souls of their own flesh and blood.*

A host of statutes, in a number of States, fixing an age limit, have not yet succeeded in keeping little children from working 10 to 12 hours a day, in mills, factories, canneries, fields. A bit of perjury in connection with certificates does the trick. And all for gain. Gain for the parents, murderous injury to the children.

The Federal child labor law (Keating-Owen bill) recently passed, will, it is hoped, help to set a higher standard for future State child labor laws. Much more than this a Federal law can not do. Nor will this particular law *do* much more, dealing, as it does, with only one side of the problem, namely: "The interstate commerce in the products of child labor." What, for instance, is to hinder the children who, under this law enforcement, will be excluded from certain factories, from going to work in any one of the many other places where child labor is employed? Nothing, at present.

Uniform State laws forbidding (with heavy penalties attached) children under sixteen years of age to work in stores, offices, on the streets, in laundries, workshops, factories, mills, mines, truck gardens, canneries, fields, etc., etc.; and, at the same time, providing for adequate investigation of birth-certificates, must prove the one sane remedy.

Such laws, *strictly enforced,* and such laws alone, will prevent the exploitation of little children. *Child labor is a disgrace in these United States, one that should be prohibited by law—not regulated by it.*

See the little tots at work in the canneries. Side by side

with their mothers; the mothers who have sworn falsely about their age, when questioned. Snipping beans or peeling tomatoes; their little bodies swaying to and fro in one mechanical action, repeated thousands of times in the day, with a regularity of friction that would wear out a cast-iron shape. Passive and uncomplaining the children work on and on, from early morning until late, often very late, at night. Standing or walking all day, according to the kind of work. For it is a bitter fact that most of their work is of a sort at which they can never sit down. The whole system is wrong. But not till the blame is properly fixed can we expect better things. It is absurd to believe that child labor could exist did not the parents want it, and a supine public tolerate it.

Let this be stated boldly: it is the parents who are determined that their children shall add to the family income, regardless of health, law, or any other consideration. They follow the dictates of their cupidity; their one idea is to make money. Not the poverty of the family which makes the children's earnings indispensable, but the greed and ignorance of the parents, is at the bottom of all child labor. And, because of this labor of their children, the parents are usually in fairly comfortable circumstances.

*The family income depends on the number of children, the more children the more profit. Hence an increased birth-rate in all factory and mill districts, as well as in mining towns.*

There is *no* legitimate excuse for exploiting little children. There is *no* reason for permitting the cupidity of the parents to injure the children's future well-being, and degrade the physique of the nation. Of such are the citizens of the next generation, their vitality gone through persistent hard labor from babyhood, labor demanded by those who brought them into the world. For years to come, if we permit this scandal to continue, we shall be a people of undersized stature, deplorable physique and low mentality. Child labor is an infamous waste of the nation's most valuable asset. Nor can it be too strongly emphasized that this is mainly a rural evil. We look to the country districts for the

vitality to replenish the nation. Child labor is destroying this vitality, and hitting the nation where we should expect it to be strongest. Educate the young men and women who are to become the parents of the near future, and they will themselves insist upon better education and opportunities for their children.

No one can fail to notice the absence of children at play in factory and mining districts. The reason is simple. The children in these districts have been bred by habit in a sort of artificial disdain of play, and taught to place the point of honor in an ostentatious impatience of "kids playing"—all of their own age. Are *they* not "helping" mother and father?

Did space permit, many pitiable examples could be quoted here—of cases where children under twelve are supporting the entire family. A few must suffice, however.

Mrs. V. (N. C.) was the mother of three girls, respectively 11, 8 and 6 years of age. Sallow-faced, big-eyed, all of them, though otherwise there was no marked resemblance between them. Their mother who, scarcely more than thirty, through drink, laziness, neglect of body and health, looked like a woman of sixty, paid no heed to their welfare. Their fathers? Three different men, who had come and gone in a day!

These little girls worked in a cotton mill from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., with 45 minutes for dinner, which they ate in the mill yard. Usually this meal consisted of pieces of boiled salt pork, a few raw onions, and chunks of corn bread; all cold. Mary Elizabeth, the eldest girl, cooked every bit of their food in the evening after mill hours. She also washed their scanty clothing (ironing was unknown) and kept herself and the two younger ones fairly clean; remarkably clean, one might say, all things considered. And, at last, not far from midnight, she would drop to sleep on the floor, where the three slept on a few old quilts, in a corner of one room. The mother, drunk, occupying the bed both by day and night.

When, one day, Mrs. V. was asked, by an overbold

questioner, why she allowed her children to work so hard, she stated her reasons quite brutally thus: "Ain't I got a right to make them work for me? That's why I had 'em—that's why I brung 'em up, so's they could work for me." Just so! Put this same question to hundreds and thousands of parents, and you would get, practically, the same answer —if the truth was told.

Mrs. C. (N. Y.), whose husband, a carpenter, made $3.50 a day in steady work all the year, together with her two children aged 12 and 13, worked in the canneries, the cranberry fields, anywhere she could find employment; for all but four winter months, this being the only time that the children were sent to school. Asked the reason for this hard work for herself and the children, since, as was known, they owned the substantial house with garden in which they lived, she answered: "Sure, we all works. My man, he wants to own some o' them other houses too!" with a gesture embracing the neighborhood.

There we are. It all comes back to the same thing. Greed for more and still more. No matter if the gross hardship, discomfort and neglect, imposed upon their own offspring for gain, result in permanent physical injury. Where is the intelligence of the public, that they can't see the harm in children being exploited the length and breadth of the land? Exploited for gain, by their fathers and mothers who are blind to their own interests.

Here and there we find a voice raised in protest, the voice of one who realizes that the main concern of the nation should be its children; and that you can't get worthy citizens where the children are enslaved, their growth stunted. That nation is most prosperous which most considers its children. No nation that forgets them can survive. *The future of America is rooted in the well-being of the children.*

Will not the public wake up and demand that the monstrous burden on the shoulders of thousands upon thousands of these little ones be removed? A burden placed there by

their ignorant parents, *by no one else;* but allowed by a supine public who, though knowing better, yet suffers it to remain there.

On the outskirts of one of the large cities of China, houses for the foreigners were being built on the top of a hill some two thousand feet high. The bricks needed for the foundations had to be carried up from the city below, and this work was done by children—tots of four or five years old carrying three to four bricks in their little hands, up and up to the top of the hill, two thousand feet. Those a few years older carried double the number of bricks. And all day long this procession of little children toiled up the steep hill, carrying bricks—for four cents a day!

This was in unenlightened China. Are we, here in this enlightened land, coming to that?

*Men and women of America, will you permit it?*

## CITY-DAWN

LOUIS GINSBERG

THE weary Slattern-dawn is slinking on
Slowly along the sordid empty street;
She huddles close her misty shawl and wan
And drags her listless feet!

Drab store and ghostly office peer and stare
With many a window like a vacant eye;
Buildings loom darkly furtive everywhere—
And Dawn creeps by . . .

Some hulky wagon lumbers, rumbling nigh;
Rent is the hush by sudden blatant gong—
Darkness is scattered—whispers stumble by—
A trolley screaks along . . .

Darkness is scattered—lo, and tides a-surge—
Tides of the faces flood the street at length,
Bounteously pouring forth in sweeping urge
Their love and hope and strength!

# THE FEMALE OPERATIVE IN FICTION

FRANCES WENTWORTH CUTLER

"*WE have removed woman from her sphere!*" The cry of the perplexed citizen of 1917 rings startingly from the novel of 1845. It is Disraeli's *Sybil*—one of those strange Victorian medleys of propaganda and melodrama, that gather dust upon our library shelves. Weapons they once were, in the bitter strife of social and political reform. Their warfare is but history now; yet they remain as records of that great struggle which changed the face of the nineteenth century—the industrial revolution.

To-day we live amid an even greater struggle, that in two and a half years has swallowed up completely the old order with its lesser conflicts. The woman's war is forgotten now; the very women who yesterday fought the London police are to-day serving as volunteer policewomen in England's training camps. But the War has not blotted out woman's work; it has demanded it, valued it, as never before. *Behind the soldier to-day stands the woman,* and on her labor depends his welfare—and the welfare of the nation.

*"We have removed woman from her sphere!"*

It is the old cry that springs to our lips as we watch the woman's army invade the munition factories in America as in Europe. For this "woman's mobilization," startling as it seems, is but the dramatic climax of a century-long economic struggle. The barriers that war has shattered in a night were already undermined by the inevitable impact of industrial change. The upheaval has thrust women into strange fields, but it was the new machines that had pried open the gates.

For those who to-day ask eagerly of the future of the woman worker, the story of the "female operative" of the nineteenth century may hold an interest, perhaps a forecast. Yet if, arrested by Disraeli's prophetic warning, we turn back to those old novels of yesterday, can we hope to find

fact amid fiction? It is true that Disraeli's introduction boasts the realism of his scenes; that we need not Mrs. Gaskell's assurance to convince us that she lived in "Darkshire"; that Harriet Martineau prefaces her *Illustrations of Political Economy* by the declaration, unique in its day, "I take my stand on Science." All this is reassuring, but it is not enough. For we are a generation wary of "uplift" in fiction—and we have too often met the Working-Girl Heroine.

But not in nineteenth century fiction. Here is a discovery that challenges interpretation. Nowhere among these novels of purpose has the working girl become the heroine, her wrongs the theme. Purposeful as is their warfare against the menace of the new industry—its poverty and ignorance, its sweatshops and prisons—not one of them is the conscious spokesman or champion of the woman in industry. The protest of the old order against the new machines—how it echoes from these yellowing pages! To the displaced handworkers, the revolution was a "sore time," the cause of cruel suffering and starvation. To the landed proprietors it was an "incoming pestilence," bringing in its wake "seditious infection" and "a very dangerous tendency to equality." But amid the echoes of corn-law riots, of Chartist petitions, and reform agitations, there is no voice to plead the woman's cause.

It is because nineteenth-century fiction has not portrayed the female operative as heroine, nor sought to uplift her, that we may hope to find in it an answer to our question: What did the revolution in industry mean to the woman worker? It were vain then to accost the lovely heroine. Against the grim background of industrial strife, she stands aloof from her smoke-stained setting, in it, yet not of it. Margaret Hale, shrinking from contact with the "rude and boisterous" factory girls of *North* and *South*, or charitably visiting the Higgins hovel, is from first to last an alien in "Darkshire." Sybil may call herself the daughter of the people, but she dwells as remote from them as is the convent from which she goes forth on errands of mercy. Eleanor, in *Alton Locke*, seeking to forget her sorrow amid the mis-

eries of the East End, is as foreign to its life as some daughter of the rich whose social sympathy to-day drives her to the settlement. This gulf between the heroine and her changing setting is strikingly illustrated by *Shirley*. The machine-breakers' riot which forms the opening scene proves a mere episode from which we are soon distracted by the powerful personality of Shirley herself. These heroines may feel the power of the new environment, either through their feminine sensitiveness to the sufferings they do not share, or—for they are heroines first and foremost—through love for some workman or work-master hero. Even Mary Barton, the weaver's daughter, stands aloof from the struggles of her people till, heroine-like, she must save the man she loves. Amid the darkest scenes of strife and suffering, the heroine moves—aloof, compassionate, uncomprehending—the Lady still. But in the background are found those others, scarce heeded but prophetic, the female operatives for whom the changed conditions have wrought changed lives.

Few, but significant, are the glimpses of the first years of transition from "the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the houses, and even great ladies had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak." Foremost stands Galt's inimitable *Annals of the Parish,* homely records of village life, told with the vivid detail and irresistible humor that have immortalized Thrums. We watch the building of the first cotton mill in Dalmailing in 1788 ("and a spacious palace it was; nothing like it had been seen in our day and generation"). Then follow the "handsome dwellings" for the newly imported weavers. Yet on the heels of this "visible increase of worldly prosperity," comes a two-fold menace: the remote Scottish clachan is shaken at once by the Revolution in France and the revolution in industry. "But in the midst of all this commercing and manufacturing, I began to discover signs of decay in the wonted simplicity of our country ways. Among the cotton-spinners and muslin-weavers were several unsatisfied and ambitious spirits, who . . . were nightly in the habit of meeting and debating about the affairs of the French, which were just then gathering to a head."

Against these "plots and treasons of the democrats," the good dominie "went roundly to work." I preached a discourse against the French Revolution, that was thought one of the greatest and soundest sermons I had ever delivered." More insidious, even, was the other enemy, "that seditious infection that fevered the minds of the sedentary weavers, and working like flatulence in the stomachs of the cotton-weavers, sent up into their heads a vain and diseased fume of infidel philosophy." Nor was this the end. For this "new-fangled doctrine of utility," child of the new democracy and the new industry, infected even the women of Dalmailing.

Safe indeed was the dominie's wife, the second Mrs. Balwhidder, "busy with the lasses and their ceaseless wheels and cardings in the kitchen. Often could I have found it in my heart to have banned that never-ceasing industry, and to tell Mrs. Balwhidder that the married state was made for something else than to make napery and beetle blankets. But it was her happiness to keep all at work, and she had no pleasure in any other way of life; so I sat many a night by the fireside with resignation, sometimes in the study and sometimes in the parlor; and as I was doing nothing, Mrs. Balwhidder said it was needless to light the candle."

Behold, on the contrary, Miss Sabrina Hooky, the schoolmistress. For in the year following the coming of the cotton-mill, the proprietor brought women all the way from the neighborhood of Manchester in England, to teach the lassie bairns of our old clachan tambouring. There was an erect and outlooking spirit abroad that was not to be satisfied with the taciturn regularity of ancient affairs. Even Miss Sabrina Hooky, the schoolmistress, though now waning from her meridian, was touched with the enlivening rod, and set herself to learn and teach tambouring, in such a manner as to supersede by precept and example that old time-honored functionary (as she herself called it) the spinning-wheel, proving, as she did one night to Mr. Kibbock and me, that if more money could be made by a woman tambouring than by spinning, it was better to tambour than to spin."

So Sabrina, who although baptized after Milton, has not

only achieved her independence but justified it to the Dominie of Dalmailing, is menacing the age-old industry of "many a decent auld woman that had patiently eked out the slender thread of a weary life with her wheel." Be it noted that this instinct for success is nothing but the "instinct for elegance," recently stigmatized as the root of woman's failure. Sabrina's triumph, not in spite of, but because of her native instincts and aptitudes, suggests that the record of the woman in industry may not be, after all, "the world's *worst* failure."

It is also of the irony of progress that the Scottish annalist, the despiser of this "Utilitarianism," to which he unwittingly gave the name that John Stuart Mill made famous, should himself recognize the utilitarian pressure that was forcing woman into the new industries. It was the same stern necessity that in Puritan New England, was demanding that woman should follow her work from the home to the factory. "And," adds Miss Abbott, "there was no voice *then* to remind her that woman's proper place was at home."

Another significant glimpse of this transition period is the reminiscence of the old weaver in *A Manchester Strike*, describing the time when the father took work home to the cottage and set the mother to card and spin the raw cotton for the weft. Here is the old domestic industry but with a new master. Such a transition system was that of the New England "manufactories," not complete factories, but centers of home industry, to which the women brought the yarn they had spun, and from which they received fresh supplies for their labor. With the increasing improvement and adoption of machinery, the age-old home work of woman was gradually transformed into the sweating system, of which woman, in peace industry as in war work, was and is the chief victim.

A second stage in the invasion of woman's work by the machine is pictured in Miss Martineau's story, *The Loom and the Lugger*. Husband, wife and daughter weave side by side in a room containing five looms, the other two rented to neighbors. The total family income from this home factory is high, for its time, but it is earned at a higher cost in dirt and neglect. Here, as in the congested sweat-shop,

the machine has invaded the home, and is making it, not unhomelike merely, but inhuman.

The depths of danger that the sweating system holds for women have never been more graphically depicted than in that chapter of *Alton Locke, Light in Dark Places,* that haunts the memory like a modern Consumers' League investigation. Two half-starved girls sit stitching on the bare floor, covering their dying sister with the garment that will carry the deadly contagion to its wearer. They tell their pitiful story: "Between us we earned three shillings a week and we had to take off for thread and fines, and then they lowered wages again, and gave out work late on purpose."

The end of it all is summed up by Crossthwaite, the Chartist: "Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us, and our daughters to eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution." In these words Kingsley pictures the two-fold evil of woman's home labor as transformed by the industrial revolution into the "infernal" sweating system—the menace to mother and to daughter, and through them to society itself.

It is, however, on another type of victim that the darkest shadow of industrial maladjustment falls. Esther, the female operative in *Mary Barton,* and Lizzie, the sweatshop worker in *Alton Locke,* are alike victims of an economic pressure by which, as never before, the moral resistance of the woman in industry is tested. Back of the stern alternative to which they yield, starvation or prostitution, lie those incalculable undermining effects of modern industrial processes, which, as Jane Addams says "may at any moment so register their results upon the nervous system of the factory girl as to overcome her powers of resistance."

The story of Esther, driven by her love of finery and her fear of her family's blind repression, out of her home into temptation; the tragedy of Lizzie, selling herself to buy food for her sister. Here in the two-fold destruction of the family life by the mother's unregulated labor and the daughter's illicit life, is the effect of industrial pressure on the peculiar social and sex function of woman. A third men-

ace, that of industrial disease, is one in which the working woman shares and suffers with man.

But no picture of the female operative of 1840 could ignore such pathetic figures as Bessie Higgins, the consumptive cotton-spinner of Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South.*

Such pictures as Godwin's description, in *Fleetwood,* of the Lyons silk factories, where 4-year old children tended bobbins from six in the morning till eight at night; or that in *A Manchester Strike,* which depicts 8-year old Martha earning her three shillings a week by standing all night long with aching knees amid the cotton-dust.

But is this all? Has the industrial revolution given us only the overworked mother, the over-tempered daughter, the consumptive? Is woman only the victim of machine-driven industry? For if so, what hope have we that she can endure the heavier burden of war—can pay its uttermost price—to forego, it may be, her birthright of marriage and motherhood?

Yet what of these two figures in their gay dresses, coral necklaces, and gold ear-rings? Harriet and Caroline, sketched in Disraeli's *Sybil,* might be the very girls in our street-cars and behind our counters. When Harriet's mother bitterly complains that her daughter could not bear the family privation and has gone to keep house with her "partner;" " when Caroline explains that she had come to the city because she could not bear country life,—we can hardly believe that this is the female operative of 1840 and not of 1916. " Fathers and mothers goes for nothing; 'tis the children gets the wages;"—the lament of the parent, helpless before an economically independent daughter, has a familiar ring. " That's the worst of factory work for girls; they can earn so much when work is plenty that they can maintain themselves anyhow," adds John Barton, more feelingly, alas, than truly.

So Caroline and Harriet, sipping their " bar-mixture " with " Dandy Mick " and " Devilsdust," at the " Temple of the Muses "—a temple indeed compared with our music-

halls and movies—presage the modern woman whose newly-won economic independence may strain the old-time family bond. That domestic institutions were even then feeling this new strain was discovered by the heroine of *North and South,* who, on looking for a servant in Darkshire, encountered the "difficulty of meeting anyone in a manufacturing town who did not prefer the greater independence and better wages of working in a mill."

And what next? Are Harriet and Caroline Chartists—suffragists even? The answer, though faint compared with such a plea for economic and political freedom as Mary Wollstonecraft, almost fifty years earlier, had wrung from her bitter experience, yet reads like prophecy.

The "oligarchs" are with us yet, maintaining that woman's place alone is changeless in a world where all else has changed. But governments that are to-day urging women to "release men" by filling their places in industry, can hardly silence their demands to-morrow by the old assertion that woman cannot serve her country in time of war. Here, then, in the awakening self-consciousness of these nineteenth century feminists, lies the hope of the female operative of to-morrow.

Thus, all unwittingly, Harriet and Caroline, in voicing their impulse toward group action, have forecast the road that their descendants must take. Years of ruthless industrial pressure have been needed to force the female operative into joint action. Of organization, industrial or political, she had in 1840 little thought. From man-made strike she was always the sufferer. "Never a woman yet who didn't hate a turn-out," observes Miss Martineau. Yet in two years, war has taught the lesson of co-operation to women, not in the factory only, but in the home. "Thousands of middle-class women," writes Katharine Anthony of the women of Germany, "did not know the first principles of organization and solidarity; they are now working side by side with other women for common aims and purposes, released from domestic isolation for united social service."

*The English munition factory where the "lady-*

*worker,"—the Miaow, as she is nicknamed,—is working her eight-hour shift side by side with the "work-girl," may be helping to batter down, not the enemy's trenches only, but the century-old caste feeling.*

Another constructive force amid the untold destruction of this war is the growing realization of woman's need for vocational training. Whether we look to Germany, where the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine is demanding continuation schools for girls, or to the Queen's Work for Women Fund in England, with its classes in skilled crafts, the same story meets us. What began as immediate relief and employment agencies have become movements for better training and for fitter tasks. The disappearance of the "luxury trades," the setting free of workers for productive industry, have taught us the uselessness of much of the labor to which we have sacrificed our female operatives. The cruel acid of war has tested the flimsy fabric of our work. Again the paradox—out of chaos, progress.

One forecast of this significant movement we find in the story of the female operative in fiction. Reade's *It Is Never Too Late to Mend,* written primarily to expose the evils of the English prison system, mentions incidentally a unique experiment in the industrial training of women. The far-sighted chaplain, who reforms this prison, "had long been saying that women are as capable as men of many handicrafts from which they are excluded by men's jealousy and grandmama's imbecility." Unhindered by either, he succeeds in employing women in a great variety of industries. His advice to them has been literally taken: "Out of fifty occupations you might do twenty as well as he, and ten much better, and these added to the domestic duties in which you do so much more than your share, would go far to balance the account and equalize the sexes." *Could Reade have foreseen the female ticket-punchers and 'bus-drivers in Europe to-day, he would say that the account was balanced indeed!*

Certain world-old moral accounts, too, may be balanced today. There is a striking contrast between the abject

submission of Esther to her betrayer, and the defiant self-reliance of the heroine of a modern drama like *Hindle Wakes,* who refuses marriage for respectability only, because she is economically independent. Harriet's refusal to exchange her just-tested freedom for marriage may or may not brand her "selfish and a screw," but it does forecast the demand for an equality that shall be, not merely industrial, but ethical. One need only note how, in the warring countries to-day, limitations on the employment of married women are vanishing, how the state is caring for its mothers, married and unmarried alike, to realize that what the new industry began, the war is hastening—the revolutionizing of our code of social ethics.

But of such implications these novelists of yesterday are all unconscious. Without heed, without purpose, yet with bare and utter truth, they have told the story of the female operative. No heroine was she; too often the victim of her unequal struggle with overwork, disease, temptation. Yet we have seen her emerge into the independence that must precede fellowship; we have watched her gain the self-consciousness, achieved heretofore by the pioneers of her sex at untold cost, that foretells the fuller life.

The female operative of to-morrow—what hope for her—summoned to bear the work of the world that man is destroying? Her hope lies in the great gift that the War, out of its unspeakable anguish, has brought her—to *share,* as never before, the travail of the world. Because yesterday she entered side by side with man the long warfare of the new industry, she is to-day stronger in work, swifter in adjustment, wiser in co-operation. But yesterday she worked blindly, driven by relentless physical want. *To-day her country calls upon her, as it has called upon her sons; and she gives herself, as she gave them, proudly to a nation's need.*

# THE COTTON MILL

JOHN SHERWOOD

THE door opened and I stepped into a roaring, vibrant sweat-shop—the weave-room of a cotton mill. The floor swayed; myriad white spots jolted up and down; like hot flannel, the air was steamy and laden with lint. Over the looms bent human beings, a fag-end conglomeration of immigrant races. This was one of Zangwill's "melting pots." To a novice it was withering; the senses could not cope with the shock. The mill-agent noted the effect and finally bawled in my ear, "Well! what do you think of it? Here's your cotton mill."

The cotton mill had been my concern for a number of years. As work place, as industrial tragedy, and as a source of income it had challenged my interest. I had come here to seek a solution, a task hopeless amid this chaotic hubbub. Often in years gone by, as I sailed up the harbor, those grey, prison-like buildings that piled up over the hill had a piquant curiosity for me; but once, when I saw the operatives burst pell-mell from the tower door with the first blast of the whistle, I knew that I felt differently than those who labored there. Later came the discovery that those textile mills seemed prison-like, not only because their windows, laid regularly row on row, were architecturally suggestive of Sing Sing, but also because the word "prison-like" had been woven into my ideas by many social writings. A quantity of querulous pamphlets, legislative brochures, and industrial panaceas of all sorts had been aimed at the textile mill, and of these I had drunk liberally. I was aroused to the need of remedy. However, it was only when I inherited some stock that I came down to the mill to find out what was what.

As I stood on the threshold of that mill-room I tried to order these interests that had prompted my coming. Such thought was thwarted, however, by this newer series of confused and visible interests. For here was an uproar that shat-

tered—crashing, crashing in measured beat, a vast mechanical bin; a vibration that shook from floor to rafter, as a hundred looms jerked and racked, tearing their frames to and fro. The shuttles flew across and back with the woof as though discharged from catapults. God help the man that ever got in their way! Close by was an old weaver, trudging up and down the aisle to mend the broken threads. He spat on the floor. But worst was the humidity, sustained by jets of vapor squirting overhead. To my layman's mind the whole was diabolic.

You ask is all this true! These are facts as I found them. To be sure mine was a layman's perception, and much that seemed piteous at first was to wear off with familiarity—but the foregoing is at least an honest first impression.

If the weave-room is a scene of noisy confusion, the picker and card rooms in the basement are the places for hard work. There we went by a narrow stairway and passage, that back route used by all who supervise. The agent had pulled me away from the weaver's racket with a "Come on down and watch the Hunkies, they're the boys that can work." As we reached the firm concrete of the basement floor a huge bale dropped with a thud. A grimy laborer dragged it aside in a way that spoke volumes of this toilsome spot.

A number of bulky machines crunched and rumbled in powerful rotation. They beat out the raw cotton, loosened the fibres, and combed them out into a white rope that coiled automatically into tall, heavy cans. Swarthy laborers—suggestive of the romantic state of brigandage in swarthiness alone—broke up the bales, lugged the cans from one machine to another, or climbed on standing boards to clean off the combing cylinders; that was all. They were but the trivial adjuncts of a mighty mechanicalness. Machinery did the rest. I thought of that pest of the cotton field, the boll weevil, and that on him man might wreak his vengeance in these pounding machines. I pictured him caught up from his resting place by the iron tooth of the picker machine, smashed against the heavy hood, and beaten into pulp—for these were mighty

pickers. In the midst of so much power, I felt as little and as helpless as the boll weevil.

The purpose of this initial process is to extract the cotton fibre from dirty matted encasements. It is a mechanical threshing of the grain from the chaff; the better done, the greater the cloud of dust and lint blown out. The particular mill I am describing rendered "highest efficiency," if dust be the measure of worth. The air was saturated with lint. It permeated every nook and crevice; the overhead structure was obscured, its reticulated belts and pulleys enveloped as by a snowstorm. Dust covered the windows, clogged up oil holes, settled into eyes and ears, and, I presume, filtered into lungs.

One Portuguese, hoary with lint, reminded me of a grisly old man I had once seen driving a donkey on a sun-bleached quay of the Azores. Which was the greater drudge? Was my mill-hand progressing, or was he a deluded fag? I recalled what has been said about work: the age-long belief that man must live by the sweat of his brow; the economic interpretation of history, which substitutes that one acquires by dint of hard work. In either case work is held to be an inevitable evil, and livelihood, the major part of one's day, an ordeal. There is a small consolation. The economists say that English, Irish, French-Canadians, and other races have climbed up and out of this ruck to a higher standard of living. The conception of work remains static, but the fruits of labor are a degree higher. So I smiled good cheer to these present South European strugglers.

It is strange how one smiles-out one's solutions. Especially does one smile where reason balks, or the problem seems insuperable. One, public-minded, smiles-out democracy regardless of demagogic harangues and the fickle, human mob. The aristocrat, cleaving to an ideal, smiles-out true kingship through all his frailities. It is the resource of the baffled, the solace of the saint. The tired business man hits the nail on the head when he posts up his sign, "Smile, damn you, smile!" The smile is the glorious concomitant of the optimist, of him disillusioned who yet dares to hope, and

those who have beheld the Promised Land. In particular does the reformer beam—in a new world. He smiles himself aloft into the esoteric realm of ideality. Too often, I am afraid, those of us who are socially remedial smack of the Beaming Brotherhood who stand at the Church door, welcoming in the sinners. We're too sure that ours is a higher circle in the mounting circles of life. Yet I could do no more than smile encouragement to these toilers.

For the coil of white cotton there is a transition from the heavy, crunching machines to swift-moving frames that is analogous to the difference in work processes for the operatives in the various rooms. As the sliver of cotton was combed, pulled out through drawing machines, twisted on the fly frames, and roven by the speeders, we followed it into the spinning room. Here was a scene of animation. Spindles twirled in endless rows, streaks of belts crackled overhead; all at top speed. Here and there in the whirring lanes young girls deftly twisted broken threads, while elsewhere little girls hastened back and forth—a gang of doffers snatching the bobbins off. All was swift, rhythmic motion.

Swiftness was contagious; my thoughts came rapid fire. Did Commerce's demand for an accelerated flow of goods compel this speed eternally? Would shorter hours and increased pay counteract the evil? Why were adults and children mixed up helter-skelter, all doing the same sort of jobs? Was it that nimble-fingered childhood needed to be trained early to acquire the proper dexterity; was this corporation greed; or just plain, planless muddle?

I thought of Ruskin's outcry: "It is a shame to make young girls weary." For these girls the vigil was more ceaseless than for the Vestal Virgins, and there was no accompanying reward. To be sure, they once in a while sat, but seldom; mostly they were on their feet tending machines, alert, ever alert and bending. I had read that Lucy Larcom and her associates in the early days at Lowell had maintained a magazine and had done much in self-improvement after the arduous hours in the cotton mills. Was this present generation a depleted stock that could not do the things of Lucy

Larcom and her friends from the New England farms, or was this work that would have depleted the Yankee stock if it had stayed and labored here? I do not know. I only know that theirs is a terrific speed, and they stand on their feet all day.

My social admonishers, however, lay greater stress upon child labor than upon the employment of young women, believing, no doubt, that for the latter this is a makeshift until the early marriage day. That marriage may and often does give but short respite is seldom emphasized; the hue and cry is all against the "Children's Merry-go-round," as some writer has derisively dubbed the spinning room. Here was a lively, merry rattle, but it runs the livelong day, and the music has no jingles, and the horses are Shanks' Mares. All through the mill I had searched out the children. I peered into this room, or behind those machines to find out what they did. I saw children weaving—a few; I saw children spinning—a few. Here were old women drawing in threads on a warp and beside them youthful counterparts, doing the identical task. I saw children doffing; I also saw young men doffing.

Finally I broached the question to the agent, "How about this child labor business?" His reply was gruff and suddenly hostile. "Well, what of it?" I saw on the moment that I had taken the wrong tack. He was angry. Like a man who has made a mistake and is chidden by every one, he was alert in defense of his position. The work was not heavy, he said, and the sweepers and doffers, comprising the greater number of children, had frequent rest-periods during the day. Most of the children would not stay in school, and were far better off under his rigorous discipline than bally-hooing about the streets. The chief reason for their necessary employment, he said, was to acquire the various motions and requisite speed while the fingers were still pliable. Such an early beginning was also necessary to the learning of the business; for all the agents and overseers had come up that way.

These were specious arguments or God's truth, a trifle

overstated, according to whether one had graduated from Social Ethics or the University of Hard Knocks. Debate was of no avail. The agent believed his arguments true because of his experience and the point of view begotten by the urgencies of production. Brought up in a surviving Puritanism that taught thrift and emphasized the battle words of the Bible, he had read the same into his strifeful work-day life, and was ready to defend his position until Doomsday.

Therefore I suggested that child labor laws had been passed by a number of States, that prophets claimed public opinion overwhelmingly against it, and asked him what the mills would do if child employment should be abolished. Astutely business-like he had it all figured out and disclosed his plan as follows:

"Do you see that kid over there shilly-shallying about with a broom, cracking ring-sides or bums over the shins, however he feels disposed? His services here are one continous shindy. I keep him—oh, well, because everybody else does, and he's quick. He's a sweeper, the printer's devil of the place; we've tolerated him as a sort of apprentice. But he's sounding his own death knell with that broomstick tattoo; he's inefficient. Old women can do that job.

"To tell you the truth, we can get along without most of these children. You see them doing the same sort of work as women, but they do only one-half as much. It's been our only way of training them and we thought we had to do it; but if worse comes to worse and they are barred from the mills, they can be given finger exercise in the schools and come to us vocationally trained. We'll get them older, get more work, have to pay higher wages, and hoist the cost a little—that's all.

"Also there's machinery to take their place. To-day all these children do is to stick bobbins in place, carry the stuff from one machine to another, or do some trivial work on the threads. Now all some one has got to do is to invent automatic feeders, and the jig's up. Wheat goes into a Western binder and comes out sacked; it's a cinch raw cotton can go into a mill and come out as cloth with a whole lot less

fingers in the pie. There are drawing-in machines in use to day that have done away with several workers, and self-doffers are now being perfected which equal the performance of the speediest gang of girl doffers. What you people want to do is to holler less about the evils of the machine era, and pray for the day when the great staple commodities will be produced almost wholly by automatic machinery, thus doing away with your labor problems."

Idealism questioning, horse-sense answering, we continued through the mill. The noise, I said, was an objection. That was easily disposed of, replied the agent; simply a matter of adjustment. The employes become accustomed to it, as I to the engine's pounding on a transatlantic steamer. Besides noise is a grievance of mechanism, and as possible of riddance as smoke, once brains and money are released from more urgent expenditures.

We disputed the matter of heat—pungent, debilitating heat, that sucked the life out of anaemic youths and left them lazy riffraff. This heat was deemed necessary for the proper treatment of the cotton; yet I found later in two or three model mills an elaborate ventilating system, which cooled the air considerably. The agent of my mill paid time-honored tribute to things as they are, and drew on the Scriptures to the effect that Eden and Empires had existed in far more excessive heat. But in answer there was Buckle to be quoted —that such empires had long since crumbled, vitiated by the very climate that had so bountifully provided for their langourous existence. Heat was an evil, and not necessary.

With questions at every turn, we came again to the weave-room. To my initiated senses the scene was scarcely more understandable than when first I saw it. It seemed to me an animated Cubist picture, a riot of bright checkered spottings with zigzags of darker tone. It was about as intelligible as a Cubist picture, too.

But with application I distinguished the human figures. Near at hand was an old buck-weaver, member of that itinerant camaraderie of down-and-outers who travel from mill to mill for the sake of variety, and an intervening drunk.

It was two weeks since his last lapse, the agent said, and God only knew how soon would come the next one. He coughed hectically from time to time as he bent to his threads. I furtively watched him take a chew of tobacco and later suck the thread into his emptied shuttle—filthy harbor of what-not germs for the next operative who should tend that loom. There is a law against suction shuttles, but there is also human nature. Sucking is the quickest way, and these folk toil by piece-work. A strapping girl with ruddy complexion saucily tilted her face, freely bestowing her graces. She was unconcerned by all this pandemonium, and heedless of the cost, for she had a storage of health which could not be exhausted for some time. A boy, cavorting around the further aisle, saw the agent and slunk off to his tasks. An old woman, haggard and threadbare, passed beyond my view. All ages, many types, the warp and woof of time.

I left the mill and climbed to the quiet of my home to mull over what I had seen. There had been so much to see, the problem was so ramified, I despaired of putting any of it to rights. For relaxation I picked up the "Life of Millet" which lay upon my table, and found its artistic descriptions added to the quietude of my retreat and formed a marked contrast to the tumult of the mill. As I read I noted with surprise how many of the laborers' ills had been his. Long hours, such niggardly reward that he lived mostly in poverty, a cold barn-studio as harmful to health as their overheated rooms—such had been his lot. Yet his spirit had grown and he had worked with satisfaction; for his work was expressive, was a continual challenge to his best, requiring study and a variety of interests for the consummation of its ideal. The hours were not long enough and pay was incidental; comfort, health, life, all a sacrifice, needful for his best. His work was his life, and compensated for all the attendant mischiefs of livelihood.

Interesting, ennobling work—there is the gist. Its lack in the cotton mills is of chief concern. Social efforts to fill in the afterwork hours with pleasures are beside the point, or at best but slightly mitigating. Short hours, more pay are

palliatives, nipping the canker little. Health and hygiene are the engineers' problem, and are already in the way of solution. There are men, leaders, who would meet the situation by inculcating in each person a sense of citizenship and duty —to do his best for society as a whole, regardless of how trivial his task. This patriotic twaddle will fool no man, for such servile work is atrophic to the mind. Dulled by monotony, it cannot long retain an ideal of high duty, even were such desirable. Work must become interesting and noble.

Irksomeness of work, then, is the root of the evil. The same weary routine over and over again is the textile operatives' lot. Carrying cotton from one machine to another, twisting a broken thread, remedying some slight error in mechanism is the monotonous sum of their days. I saw its fatiguing effect upon the young, the mental stagnation in the middle-aged, and the jaded resignation of the old who had plodded away their lives at this tedious pettiness. How ignominious for human beings to suffer such enforced meniality!

Accordingly I started reading and thinking in search of a better state. Many men have made such quest, but their Utopias have been almost universally of a rural order. Particularly attractive is the scheme of Ruskin's Saint George's Company to reclaim the land in simple, noble communities of farm and handicraft workers. Machinery, however, was forbidden by Ruskin, who read into industrialism a subservience enforced upon mankind. Most Utopians have been of an artistic mind, scorning uniformity, cut-and-driedness, anything machine-like. Their projected States—the States laid out for me in books—were all Arcadian.

But there are minds that love mechanics: matter-of-fact minds that contemn the romantic and inefficient. Pioneers, they are dynamic, wishing to do big things and have big things done. Designated "motor types" by modern classifiers, they constitute a large body and plan works on a big scale. To them machinery is an invaluable means, and regularity the mark of a well-ordered world. Such minds have some of the economists; they pay great respect to the powers

of superintendence, believing the ability to make or set up machinery, to lay out a scheme of work or regulate its manifold actions, to direct and control this multiplied power of machinery a highly technical and worthy accomplishment of man. Any contemplated Utopia, any betterment of cotton mill conditions, must therefore make provision for mechanics and those mechanically minded.

I continued to read and think about the cotton mill. In "Silas Marner" I learned anew the miserly existence of that old weaver, who tended his single loom. An old volume depicting the early seventies in England gives an interesting description of a "4-loomer," a girl much sought after in marriage because of her ability to handle so much work and her resultant earning power. And to-day with automatic attachments, one person can manipulate twenty-five looms. Why is it not possible, then, so to perfect the automatic quality of machines and the smoothness of running that it will result in a minimum of thread-breakage, allowing one person to tend so many machines that his labor enters the dignified province of superintendence? This would offer the needed opportunity for those mechanically-minded, and release the others for the work of Saint George's Company—agricultural and craft work with their qualitative touch that expresses and gives joy to the worker. And in my mind were two thoughts interwoven: that of the mill-agent, "Some day the great staple commodities will be produced almost wholly by automatic machinery," and that of a greater Prophet, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

# CURING TOMORROW'S CRIMINALS

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

THE white façade of the new Children's Court of the City of New York spreads a wide circle of beneficence over the ragged edges of the East Side upon which it stands.

Mothers of the tenements bring camp stools and sit in the comfort of its sunshine all day, tending their babies. The threshold of the bronze-hung doorway is thronged with children of the streets at play. A friendly collie dog who lives near-by and watched the building from the ground up leaves the court doors now only for meals; he greets policeman, child, criminal, probation officer and social worker with the same cordial wagging of his tail. His friendly eyes follow them inside, to see if they have found their second welcome.

Each morning at 8:30 the Children's Society team drives up to the Court with its load of "cases"; children who have broken the law, children who are truants, children whose parents have forfeited the divine prerogative of parenthood by cruelty or drunkenness or crime. Instead of crossing a bridge of sighs these little ones feel themselves carried with a measure of deference through the gates of the Court yard which are opened by the school children of the neighborhood, those two fortunate ones who get there first. These self appointed gate-keepers peer in at the team's unloading with a tinge of envy in their interest. They have read the legend that is cut into the cornerstone of the Children's Court, tracing its carved letters with their fingers. "For every child may truth spring from the earth and justice look down from heaven."

So it was with a spirit of hope, rather than dread, that Jerry crossed the threshold of the Court a few months ago, under arrest of the City of New York and accompanied by a police officer. Jerry was fourteen years old, a slender, fair boy with a face of delicate contour in which there showed

lines of developing shrewdness. He was tall for his age. He presented the type of refined criminal whom reformative methods could not reach. That is why, probably, when Jerry was arrested for having planned and carried out a thoughtful system of stealing money, and gave his age as sixteen, he was remanded to the Tombs and confined there for some time with adult criminals of the worst type. It was discovered at last that he belonged in the jurisdiction of the Children's Court and he was released. He had been sullen and defiant in the Police Court. In jail he had almost convinced his fellow prisoners and the keepers that he was a young man instead of a boy. He had drunk the plots and crime brews of his cell mates avidly.

When the doors of the Children's Court closed behind him, Jerry's face lost its cunning in wonder at the new environment in which he found himself. He put his hand to his eyes, as if the quiet and peace of the marble entrance, the softly tinted halls, and the chapel-like court room in which he found himself blinded him. He was the only prisoner in a very beautiful room. The sunshine of a world that had never shone upon him very warmly unfolded him now, in a garment of colors reflected from the stained glass windows. Dark wood, carved as he had seen it pictured in stories of knighthood, made the furniture and walls of the room. Jerry forgot that he was being arraigned at a bar of justice. He forgot that the man in the long black gown whom he faced was a judge. The judge bent over and looked deep into Jerry's eyes, waiting for what he hoped to see in them; less shifting, a vision of the spirit of fatherhood behind the black gown, and then the truth.

"I lied about my name. It isn't O'Shaugnessy. That was the name of a crook I read about in a book and I gave them that name in the Police Court. I lied about my age, too," Jerry said.

The judge had not been disappointed. He leaned a little nearer, motioning to the boy, too, to come closer to the bench. "Yes. That's fine to tell me. Go on. Tell me all the rest," he urged.

With no curious court room audience to listen, with even the police officer who had arrested him standing like a friend by his side, Jerry found confession not only easy, but a comfort. His was a story of law-breaking that had begun in an attempt to earn money and put into use a latent business instinct of boyhood. Jerry had delivered vegetables for a morning for a green grocer and had kept the money that he had collected from customers. He had planned to buy a stock of vegetables from pushcarts, peddle in the afternoon, and return the grocer's money from his profits; but he had spent part of it, been caught and arrested.

"Why did you do it?" the judge asked.

"I wanted to go into business," Jerry explained.

"What would you like to do now?" came the unexpected query.

"Earn some money and pay back the grocer," flashed Jerry's reply.

Jerry was put on probation, the regular practice of the Children's Court of giving juvenile offenders another chance. The investigation of the probation officer, reported back to the Court, gave unexpected light upon the boy's case. A mental and physical examination conducted by a child specialist showed him to be anaemic, with a tendency to tuberculosis, and nervous. His mother had died when he was a baby. His father had tuberculosis and at the time of Jerry's arrest was in Bellevue Hospital. Previous to that time he had lived with Jerry in a Bowery lodging house of the lowest type. Here, Jerry had opened and begun learning the primer of crime. Never in his fourteen years had he known a home.

The next time that Jerry came to the Children's Court it was with a friendly Big Brother, his probation officer, who had surrounded the boy with what social props he could. These had included a home, sleeping outdoors and an outdoor job. He was having good food and his facial lines of trickery had softened into curves of mental and bodily health. He found the same sympathetic judge waiting for him, but in the "heart-to-heart" room of the Children's Court. It was a smaller room, the judge's bench was replaced by a long

library table, the presiding judge had discarded his gown, and the hearing was conducted with an even greater intimacy of contact.

"Jerry!" The judge had remembered his name. He smiled as if he were glad to see the boy. There followed the report of the probation officer in relation to Jerry's conduct in school, his moral welfare, his health. The report was favorable, but Jerry's heart almost stopped beating as it came to an end. He knew that he had broken a law of the City of New York. He knew that the law provided punishment for such as he, and he had not been sentenced yet. Well, he would take it, he decided, as the old hard look shadowed his fine, young face. You could learn in prison, he had heard.

"Can you be a good boy now, Jerry?"

The judge's question pulled the boy back into his reality of sunlight from the dream of darkness.

"Yes, your Honor."

There was a silence; then, "Will you be a good boy?"

"Yes, your Honor!"

Jerry waited. It seemed a long time, but at last he heard the door behind him open. The judge reached out his hand and grasped the boy's as one would that of a comrade about to depart for a happy adventure. The officers of the court, the doorkeeper stood aside. Jerry hesitated, gasped; then his eyes filled with tears of joy that he could not keep back as he stepped out, free.

We have come to believe that crime is not so much an offense against society to be punished by the public at a large expense of money and human efficiency, as a social disease either of the individual will or due to an infection of the individual in his or her environment. A new practice in the treatment of crime, as in modern pathologic measures, is a process of immunizing. That is peculiarly the theory of the City of New York and is its reason for having opened in January of the present year what is easily ranked as the best equipped and most efficient Children's Court in the world. Within its massive white walls Tammany Hall and the Republican party, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews,

and all the countless social agencies of the great city from the wealth of Fifth Avenue to the melting pot of nations, the East Side, are working hand in hand with a peculiar unanimity of purpose to keep the child offender of today from Sing Sing tomorrow.

For a period of about fourteen years New York City has been organizing its system of child jurisprudence. It has been planning a method of segregating children who are offenders against the law and separating them absolutely from contact with adult criminals. This was brought about in law by the passing of a measure last year which provides for a separate Children's Court. Formerly children were handled through a branch of the Court of Special Sessions which is really a criminal Court. The present measure has established a special branch of city jurisprudence for dealing with children's cases. The Children's Court as it exists now is under the official care of five justices: Franklin Chase Hoyt, presiding justice, and his associate justices, Cornelius F. Collins, John B. Mayo, Morgan M. L. Ryan and Robert J. Wilkin. Each one of these has shown unusual sympathy and success in the handling of child criminals. The under personel of the Children's Court is planned for the greatest possible efficiency in carrying out its curative policies. The largest number of officers, forty-one probation officers, are employed in the field work that goes on outside of the Court's doors.

The function of the Children's Court which gives it an important place in the history of jurisprudence is that it definitely merges two forces in its disposition of each case: the legal and the reconstructive. It is not a social agency for the rehabiliation of the individual. It is not a reformatory. It is, predominantly, a court of law, but one of unique purpose. It aims to subordinate the child's offense to the causes. It emphasizes investigation which will lead to getting the best out of each child, and it adopts such measures in disposing of the case as will lead to restoring him to his natural balance. Its procedure includes, first, finding the absolute truth in connection with a juvenile case or offense; next, de-

ciding upon the treatment that will most permanently safeguard the child; and then endeavoring to keep the child in, or provide for him a good home. Sending a juvenile offender to an institution is the last resort of the Children's Court, and ordinarily only in cases of improper guardianship.

The $228,000 building on East 22nd Street that houses the Children's Court was erected around these ideals. It gains its efficiency because its Gothic stone work and Renaissance color house a faith in the ultimate integrity of the individual, as a child. It does not try a child in the accepted meaning of the word. It tries, first, the child's parents; second, his community. Always, it examines his body.

The children, with their accusers, parents, guardians or officers, wait the calling of their cases in a large ante-room. Individual cases are heard, first, in a closed court room, beautiful in its chaste decorations, and insuring the greatest measure of privacy. Only those directly connected with the case for purposes of evidence are admitted. If the question is of improper guardianship and a father or mother must be arraigned, the children are sent to the playroom upstairs that they may be spared the hearing. This first court represents the law and is mainly concerned with those juvenile cases in which the offense was due to criminal inoculation in the home or in the child's environment. Children heard here for the first time are nearly always dismissed on probation for a later hearing.

The child's second arraignment is in the "little court" where the presiding justice conducts the hearing with less formality. The child finds him seated in what might be a quiet home library. The child may forget to say "your Honor," and no one reminds him, for here the justice represents the new force in child jurisprudence, the spirit of fatherhood. The first court may be said to symbolize the procedure of the community. The "little court" stands for the judgment of the individual.

Here the exhaustive reports of the probation officers are heard and form the main issue in the final disposition of the child. What does the brain specialist say about him?

What are his home conditions; moral, sanitary, happy or otherwise? How much money is being spent for the child's food, shelter, clothing? Is he having any religious influence in his life? How is he getting on in school? What social agencies can be used to better his body, or his morals? What individual progress in good conduct has he made since his last probation report? Upon the answers to these questions often rests the checking of adult crime. The probation period may extend over a period of three years. It is sometimes successful at the end of two months, having demonstrated that the curing of the criminal is dependent upon the provisions for health, morality, education and recreation provided for children by the community.

The sympathetic intimacy of the "little court" is showing results in the strengthening of the individual will. The children tell the truth. They make promises to do better, and they keep these promises. It develops in them a kind of social conscience that will be more efficacious than the police courts. A little Italian child of fifteen, her brown eyes wide with wonder and deep with tears, is brought here as the victim of an abduction. Her lover, a well-known character of the underworld, has just been sentenced to Sing Sing. The presiding justice, experienced in sorrow and sin, is speechless for a moment. The child's calm, lovely face, her folded hands, her worn garments make a Madonna picture against the pale walls of the court room.

"My child——" the justice begins, and then stops, for the little girl stretches out her arms to him and pleads. "Let me go to prison instead of him. It was my fault, your Honor. If you give me a chance to pay, and he has a chance to be free and work, I know it will make him good. Oh, send me to prison, I beg you!"

A small boy of twelve is brought to the "little court" by an officer of the Children's Aid Society. He has attempted for the third time his great adventure of running away from the country to the city. Dirty, hungry, discouraged, he smiles broadly, returning the welcoming smile of the justice.

"It wasn't any use, was it? They got you at the Grand

Central, didn't they?" the justice says. Then the tone of sympathy changes to one of interested curiosity. "How did you do it this time, Billy?"

In a second the boy's hang-dog shoulders straighten.

"Coal car, your Honor. Brought another fellow with me." Then he flings out his climax. "But I earned the money I've got. Didn't steal it like I did before."

The disposition of Billy's case shows a record of shelter and good food at the Children's Society, a brief sight of the wonders of the city he had wanted so much to experience and a letter to the farm telling his father that of such stuff were Columbus and Balboa.

"Do you think that the motion picture theatres are responsible for this?" I asked a justice after his disposal on probation of a boy who had been convicted of carrying fire-arms.

"No," he thundered. "I've lived where he does on Third Avenue. I know how he feels. He was just trying to be brave and he didn't know any better way than to buy a pistol."

That seems to be the new power in the successful dealing with crime: trying to find out how the individual feels. A guide in this study of how crime begins in feeling is found in the record of those sections of penal law most used in dealing with cases referred to the Children's Court of the City of New York. Of 14,000 children arraigned in the fiscal year of 1915, 6,000 children were handled under the improper guardianship code.

The remaining 8,000 delinquent children were arraigned mainly under those sections of penal law that cover disorderly conduct, petit and grand larceny, malicious mischief, assault and felonous assault, burglary and robbery and peddling without a license. Almost 1,000 children committed petit larceny against less than 100 whose offense was grand larceny. There were more cases of disorderly conduct than those of mischief with malicious intent. Plain assault overbalanced, by half, felonious assault. Half of the children arraigned were under 14, which shows that the natural instincts of childhood, perverted by the limitations of a city

environment, made these little ones law-breakers. They fought as savages fight; they stole money and objects which they could turn into money to enrich lives that were starving for such enrichment. Petit larceny covers and often, in the Children's Court, represents stealing food by the hungry. Disorderly conduct may mean the accidental breaking of a window through playing ball in a crowded street. The child peddler needs a chance to ply an honest trade, not the branding of a police court.

As the ages of the children, arraigned for the first time, advance, the Court records show that their skill in crime advances. They carry pistols and shoot each other. They shift from petit larceny to burglary. From fourteen to sixteen years of age, children are well along the road to Sing Sing, suggesting that crime is a progressive disease, gaining foothold with its advance.

Other significant facts are shown in the workings of the Children's Court in 1915, its first year of separate existence from the Court of Special Sessions. During the months of July, August and September, when social agencies were providing vacation recreation for the children in the city, and outside, and while they were still under the influence of this happiness in their lives, there were only about half as many cases of child delinquency. Another interesting fact is that *practically all the children arraigned admit the offense of which they are charged. They don't lie about wrong-doing.*

It is, of course, premature to state definitely that the Children's Court of the City of New York will lessen the work of the Court of Special Sessions. We may have a reasonable hope of this, however, from its first report as a separate body of jurisprudence. Its probation system, which stands for a discovery of the causes of a child's wrong-doing and his restoration to health of body or soul as the need may be, is successful in an 87 per cent ratio. It is possible that when the community realizes its duties in surrounding children with a greater happiness, and a larger measure of health, this percentage may be increased to 100.

# THE SANDWICH-MAN

O. C. A. Child

THIS rain is pretty nasty if you stop
To think about it, so I keep en route;
I march along the gutters, through the slop,
And chuckle as I lift each streaming boot.

For now I've come to this I might as well
Take rain and shine as being much the same,
And all of life as one gigantic sell
And let it go at that and share the blame.

This board is rather heavy on my back,
And this in front is slightly awkward too;
I think I feel the tickling of a tack
That some too zealous workman's pounded through.

Great Heavens, how it rains! I fear the man
Who uses me for advertising space
Will lose today, for no one stops to scan
My front or back as through the rain they race.

I might, of course, take refuge in that store
But then I'm paid to walk, so walk I must;
And now—my conscience easy on that score—
I'll nibble on this hunk of " home-made " crust.

Home-made he says it is (he ought to know)
And yet I feel a walking pack of lies—
As tramping through the city too and fro
I advertise his blooming brand of pies!

# THE REAL MENACE OF PACIFISM

T. Lothrop Stoddard

THE outstanding feature of the present preparedness discussion is that it is being prosecuted upon more and more abstract lines. That this is so seems largely due to the cleverness of preparedness' pacifist opponents. From the very beginning this opposition has raised certain objections in the nature of abstract principles, and the advocates of preparedness have played into the pacifists' hands by arguing against the logical soundness of these theories instead of bringing the issue to the practical test of whether those theories, irrespective of their ideal worth, apply practically to the specific case in point—the present and prospective international situation of the United States of America.

Conscientious pacifism includes two elements: First, the "passive resisters", commonly known as "peace-at-any-price" people, who would refuse to oppose by force of arms even the most wanton invasion of our country; second, that much larger body which, while declaring itself hypothetically willing to repel an attack upon our home territories, yet opposes preparedness on the ground that no such attack can possibly occur if we ourselves refrain from aggression and conduct ourselves with strict regard for the susceptibilities of foreign peoples.

The passive resisters are so small in number and the doctrinaire nature of their appeal makes so few converts that their effective influence against preparedness may be disregarded. The main school of pacifist thought, however, must be very seriously considered. This type of pacifism has awakened widespread popular approval. It is entrenching itself strongly in certain sections of the country. If its progress be not counteracted, the preparedness movement seems doomed to practical failure.

The force of these pacifist arguments lies in their apparent sweet reasonableness. Keep out of trouble, says the pacifist, and trouble won't come your way; act on the Golden Rule, and others will accord you the same treatment. What could be more alluring, especially to people in our particular situation? We are the fortunate possessors of a huge country still underpopulated and dowered with vast natural resources. Being so well off, we envy no one, and nothing could suit us better than the indefinite continuation of the present state of things. We are therefore predisposed to peace. Absorbed with our domestic concerns, world politics bore us, and one of our pet nightmares has even been the fear of foreign entanglements.

Into this idyllic scene strides the champion of preparedness. Shaking us roughly by the neck, he bids us get ready for trouble. He de-

stroys our self-complacency, forces us to study distasteful foreign problems, and warns us of impending dangers that make us nervous and ill at ease. But just at this point the pacifist appears. He tells us that all this pother is quite unnecessary; that we have simply to mind our own business and keep along untroubled, in the good old way. We like the good old way, we don't like the disagreeable housecleaning that preparedness involves; and, what is more, we shall not clean house unless we become convinced that we have simply got to do so. This is one of the secrets of pacifism's immense strength. It appeals to that deep-seated human quality, satisfied inertia. The advocate of preparedness is a reformer, a disturber of things as they are. The pacifist is, in this respect, a "stand-patter." And, whether we like it or not, the truth is that "stand-pat" always wins over reform unless reform can dynamically convert the community to the necessity of positive, changeful action.

Just a word as to the theoretical soundness of pacifism. Regarded even as an abstract principle, pacifism seems to be a dangerous fallacy. The teaching of history is that war breeds war, that a people is never more bellicose than when it has recently made war, especially successful war, and that so long as there are such entities as independent nations no unarmed people can be absolutely safe from attack. Furthermore, our past immunity from attack, despite our military weakness, appears to have been primarily due to a combination of geographical remoteness, balancing of potentially hostile powers, and an extraordinary run of luck which has given rise to the jocular saying that a special Providence watches over children, drunken men, and the United States. But times have changed. The world has become small, the European war is fast destroying our protecting equilibrium of forces. *He who would base our safety upon a luck-fetish is indeed building upon the sand.*

When I observe the fearsome passions and appetites roused by the world's worst conflict, when I contemplate the vision of a brutalized, bankrupt Europe in face of a gorged, pacifist America, I am filled with overmastering dread. But, of course, I am well aware that the pacifist denies my premise and derides my fears. I further realize that, so far as abstract speculation is concerned, this is a matter of opinion. I feel strongly, but the pacifist feels strongly too; and, intellectually, he has as much right to his opinion as I to mine.

Beyond frankly stating my belief, I shall not here attempt to refute the ideal soundness of his faith. I decline to ascend into the empyrean of abstraction and there battle with him upon the speculative plane—as doubtless he would desire. Were I to do so I should thereby commit the very blunder against which I first protested, and these lines would become superfluous banality. I shall approach the matter from

a quite different angle. Instead of discussing the abstract value of the pacifist thesis, I shall merely inquire whether that thesis has any valid bearing upon our preparedness issue—given the fundamental temper and belief of the American people. In order to obtain a satisfactory answer, let us even assume for the sake of argument that the pacifist thesis is ideally sound; let us hypothetically admit that if we confine ourselves strictly to our home affairs and studiously avoid every possible cause of contention with foreign nations, we shall be let alone.

At first blush the prospect looks almost as attractive as the pacifist would have us think. Formulated as a general principle the pacifist thesis appears unexceptionable. But a little closer scrutiny may cause some of us to change our minds. General principles frequently conceal within themselves certain logical corollaries which may transport us into realms whereof we never dreamed. Here, at least, such certainly seems to be the case. Let us examine a few of the logical corollaries of pacifism as applied to American.

During the last two decades we have become possessed of a whole string of outlying dependencies stretching a trifle more than half way round the globe—Porto Rico, Hawaii, Samoa, Guam, the Philippines. None of these outlying possessions can be called "home" territory. There is no prospect that racially or culturally any of them will become "American" soil. Our very title to them runs through filibustering or conquest. Yet these alien possessions of ours are eminently desirable from many points of view. Some have great natural resources, others are of superb strategic value. Can our pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever desire any of them? If not, what do we intend to do? Apparently the only course open to a pacified America will be to "go while the going is good." It may save us much unpleasant humiliation.

There is also the Panama Canal. The cutting of that waterway has transformed the Caribbean Sea from a dead-end basin into the greatest ocean highway of the world. This makes the Canal itself the greatest single commercial and strategic prize in the world. At present we hold the Canal as we got it—by force of arms. Can the pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever desire the Panama Canal? If not, what do we intend to do? Earth's choicest jewel can surely not be safely worn by such as we may be. The only course for a pacified American will be to neutralize the Panama Canal; to entrust it to the collective stewardship of the nations of the world.

Then there is the Monroe Doctrine: an elastic dictum, we admit, which many Americans today think has been stretched too taut. But so far as I am aware, those who believe in the Doctrine at all unite in saying that it should at least apply to the whole basin of the Caribbean Sea. Certainly, all our present actions are based upon an assump-

tion of America's Caribbean hegemony. Within this area our protectorate rights are many,—Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Panama, an undefined something-or-other in Mexico—and some of these rights we have assumed during the past year. Can our pacifists guarantee that no foreign nation will ever challenge our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, our hegemony over the Caribbean Sea? If not, what do we intend to do? In the past we have declared ourselves ready to fight. Should we change our minds, the only prudent course would apparently be to jettison the Monroe Doctrine entire. Such dog-in-the-manger dicta are not for a pacified America. And then, we should remember our hypothetical acceptance of the pacifist guarantee that our own shores will not be assailed.

There is also the question of Asiatic immigration, especially immigration from Japan. At first sight this might seem to be a purely domestic matter. Surely, say most pacifists, our handling of such home problems can give our neighbors no vital concern! But is this quite true? Let us see. Those ambitious "Elder Statesmen" who cast Dai-Nippon's horoscope conceived a vision of aggrandizement and glory which, if realized, will make Japan one of the mightiest powers of the earth. But achievement always involves sacrifice, and since Japan's sacrifice has been commensurate with her ambition, her people today feel the pinch in truly agonizing fashion. The transformation of poor, feudal Japan into an industrial "Great Power" has been bought at a price that has reduced the Japanese State to semi-bankruptcy and is grinding the Japanese people between the millstones of intolerable taxation and a soaring standard of living. The situation is further aggravated by an immense increase of population, which is fast crowding the Island Empire to the point of suffocation.

Two things Japan must have if she is to escape from the vicious circle in which she finds herself: foreign capital for the completion of her industrial transformation, and outlets for her surplus population. No other path is open save renunciation of her grandiose ambitions, and this path Japan will never willingly tread, since those aspirations are her very breath of life. Yet today Japan sees both her vital prerequisites to greatness becoming more and more unobtainable—by peaceful means. As her financial prospects grow more dubious, foreign gold is correspondingly less inclined to risk Japanese ventures, while the European war is fast drying up the few streams of foreign capital upon which Japan could formerly rely. The way of the Japanese emigrant is equally hard. His once high hopes regarding Asiatic fields have proven the vainest of delusions: on the economic battleground the invincible Chinaman beats him all along the line. As to Latin America, even were the Monroe Doctrine out of the way, inexorable

economic law has decreed that Japanese labor shall find in Latin America ungrateful soil.

Under these circumstances it is not strange to discover that Japan's pent-up energy is beginning to prey upon itself. The poverty-stricken, exploited Japanese millions are demanding of their leaders the reward of their sacrifices, the fruition of their hopes, and their call is the more imperious in that they see an easy way. There is a country which could solve both of Japan's vital problems at one and the same stroke. That country is the United States of America. American gold could assure Japan's industrial future, American earth could nourish all Japan's surplus population and fructify the thin soil of Nippon with the savings of its emigrant sons.

But these are just the things that America will never do—except at the point of the sword. American gold will not voluntarily flow into hazardous foreign paths nor forge possibly hostile weapons against itself. As to the other matter, every well-informed student of American public opinion knows that, rightly or wrongly, the American people will never permit wholesale Japanese immigration.

Such is the dilemma which confronts the Japanese Government today. It should suffice to dispel the fiction that Japan's statesmen are inspired by any special dislike of this country. But that does not do away with the inherent peril of the situation: on the contrary, it makes that situation much more grave. If Japan's leaders are not swayed by prejudice or passion, they are faced with the iron logic of inexorable realities. On the one hand, the dull roar of a desperate people, the threat to ambitions dearer than life, the menace of Imperial Japan sinking beneath the red waves of the social revolution; on the other, the enticing possibility of salvation from all these lowering perils at the cost of a single victorious war. Surely we should sympathize with, instead of maligning, the Japanese people, especially as we will not, and I may add, ought not to gratify their desires, since we cannot do so except at the peril of our whole national and racial future.

Such are the facts. But, since these are the facts, can the pacifists guarantee that a desperate Japan will never try to save herself at our expense? If not, what do we intend to do? Defiance of embattled Nippon would ill become a pacified America.

These seem to be the basic difficulties of our foreign policy. True, they by no means exhaust the list. There are others with which we are today somewhat uneasily concerned—the rights of American citizens and American commerce upon the high seas; the rights of American citizens, capital and goods lawfully in foreign lands. But one simple question may suffice for all: shall we be ready to fight for them or not? If we are to be pacified we certainly will not fight

because we cannot fight. Modern armaments, like Rome, are not built in a day. They are the fruit of long and patient years. If extemporized, war's bloody touch proves them the most frightful of illusions. Preparedness or Pacifism: Those are the sole rational alternatives before America in this quaking world.

We stand today at a vital cross-roads of the national destiny. Between these roads we must take a definite choice. *The one absolutely fatal decision would be to stand and do nothing at all.* But now that we have examined the logical consequences of the pacifist doctrine, we should ask ourselves the question whether as a matter of fact pacifism could be the reasoned choice of the American people. To anyone who knows our basic temper the answer can only be an emphatic *no.* The necessary price of pacifism would be the deliberate renunciation of those causes for which the American people has always hitherto stood ready to fight and to die. Does the sane person think that tomorrow, next year, or next decade could possibly witness any such radical transformation of the national soul?

But, some may ask, if pacifist doctrines cannot prevail, wherein lies the peril? My reply is that it is ehis very impossibility of a pacifist conversion of America which is the real menace of pacifism. Could the pacifists really convert America to their faith there is a bare possibility that she might muddle through. She would then voluntarily eschef such high explosives as national honor, outlying dependencies, foreign policy, and racial exclusiveness, and in that way she might escape attack. What is absolutely certain, however, is, that if we do not give up these things we must prepare to fight for them. Any loose thinking, which attempts to secure pacifism's immunities without assuming the correlative obligations, must surely end in horrible disaster.

For, we repeat, the issue is not between preparedness and conscientific pacifism. That battle was won before it ever was fought. *Pacifism as a principle cannot convert America—the American people would never pay the price.* The sole question before us is whether we shall make ready to uphold by force of arms those rights and duties which we have always considered worth fighting and dying for, or whether an anti-national opposition shall so paralyse our present efforts at national regeneration that on some future day of reckoning we shall pick up the gauntlet foredoomed to ruin. *That is the real menace of pacifism.*

# WAR AND NATURE

JOHN CAMDEN DEAN

THE causes and the nature of war are revealed to us by the study of biological and social evolution. Life itself is a battle. We call it a struggle for existence, in which the fittest survive. Our social régime is based on competition. Under this social system, life is hard and the struggle is a severe one; but it could not be made easier without impairing the quality of the average man. *The law of life is to destroy everything not worth saving. Nature's stern inflexible way is to teach by killing, that others may learn.* She sustains nothing that is useless or in vain. Of war Lecky says:

"It is in its essence, and it is a main condition of its success, to kindle into fierce exercise among great masses of men the destructive and combative passions, passions as fierce and as malevolent as that with which the hound hunts the fox to death or the tiger springs upon its prey. Destruction is one of its chief ends. However reluctantly men may enter into it, however conscientiously they may endeavor to avoid it, they must know that when the scene of carnage has once opened, these things must be not only accepted and condoned, but stimulated, encouraged and applauded."

Society, institutions, and everything that exists are the product of evolution. Man belongs to the social vertebrates and society is older than man. All social animals co-operate for mutual aid and fight collectively for mutual defense. Wherever there is life there is war. This is as true of vegetable life as of animal life. Strong vegetation destroys the weak, occupying the place of the vanquished, and the severest struggles occur between plants that are botanically nearly related.

*Nature makes war a necessity by her law of the survival of the fittest.* In all ages, and among all races the most momentous of arts has been that of war. In this twentieth century, the most civilized, most cultured, most religious, and most virile nations lead in this dreadful art. Our national emblems are symbols of ferocity. The British, Spanish and Belgian lions, the Russian bear, the German, Russian and American eagles, the Egyptian vulture, the Chinese dragon, are chosen from the fiercest carnivorous beasts and birds. We not only must fight with each other in war, but the natural world is hostile to us, and we have a constant struggle with nature. Nature destroys the weak, the cowardly, the degenerate, with cruelty and cunning. *The natural world was made for fighting, energetic men, and none other.* We become an easy prey to beasts, insects and vermin, if we once lie down. Natural events occur regardless of man's interests, and science has not been able to discover that nature has a purpose of any kind. She is secretive

and reveals nothing voluntarily. The greatest fight, the most enduring conflict is that between man and physical nature. *Our triumphs over nature are called civilization.*

Peace is seldom considered more than a purely negative condition. It is merely an interval between wars. Grotius regarded war as the positive part of international jurisprudence, and peace its negative alternative. Lately the Hague Conventions have given peace a standing apart from war and peace movements, to a small extent, have become a direct object of political effort. The Nobel Prize is offered each year "To the man who shall have done the most or best work for the fraternity of nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses." Religious enthusiasts, psychologists, and economists have beguiled themselves into the belief that the world is progressing toward the universal brotherhood of man and toward universal peace. Nothing could be farther from the truth. *There is no evidence that peace can be made universal.*

In a recent article, Henry A. Wise Wood presents statistics to show that warfare is *not* decreasing. Figures obtained by an examination of history from the middle of the fifteenth century to the present time prove this. He says that if the principal European nations be lumped, 52 per cent. of their time has been spent in peace and 48 per cent. in war.

"England in 800 years has spent 419 years at war, or over 52 per cent. of her time, while France, in the same period, has spent 373 years at war. In the twelfth century England fought over 54 per cent. of her time, while in the nineteenth century she fought 53½ per cent. Not much of a reduction. France in the twelfth century, fought 36½ per cent. of her time, and in the nineteenth century 35 per cent. These figures disprove the erroneous contention that warfare is decreasing."

The cruel, destructive war now in progress proves the thinness of the film called Christian civilization. In Edmund Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," he points out how the most benevolent sentiments, most humane, refined sympathies, often conceal passions that when aroused lead to savage atrocities. He tells us that before the Revolution, French families had their enemies within their own houses, professing the friendliest attachment. They seemed tame and even caressing. The most sentimental, humane affections were expressed, and yet the reign of terror was soon inaugurated. He says: "They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouths. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slighest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Military glory was no more than a splendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of self-defense, which they reduced

within such bounds as to leave no defense at all. All this while they meditated the confiscations and massacres we have seen."

The pure love of war and adventure is very strong in our American population. Two hundred thousand Americans volunteered in a month for a war with Spain, in which there was little provocation, which appealed to no sense of wrong against this country. Many wars have resulted from doctrines, rhetoric, anl illusions. *A doctrine that is almost certain to involve us in future wars is the Monroe Doctrine.* We plan for the civilization of lower races, but we generally exterminate them and never absorb them. Our devices for the civilization of other races are generally more destructive than open war.

Nietzsche, the extreme individualist, applauds war. He declares that *the mission of mankind is to produce great individuals;* this and nothing else should be our aim. The weaklings and failures should perish; what is falling we even ought to push down. The strong men, the geniuses, the climaxes, should not be sacrificed to the masses. One man is ten thousand, if he is the best. The gifted men, the men of force, the ideal men alone are worth while. Civilization itself has been created by great individuals, and it is for them. All things that strengthen the sense of power in man are good. Everything that springs from weakness is bad. Neither the State, nor the people, nor mankind, exist for their own sake; the climaxes, the great individuals are the goal.

He says: "War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity, but your bravery, hath hitherto saved those who have met with an accident. There is no harder lot in all human fate than when the powerful of the earth are not at the same time the first men. For, my brothers, the best will rule and the best shall rule, and when the teachings are otherwise, they they are not the best." He tells us that we can never expect anything from mankind if it once forgets how to make war. He says: "No means are known which call so much into action as a great war. The rough energy born of the camp, that deep impersonality born of hatred, that conscience born of murder and cold-bloodedness, that fervor born of effort in the annihilation of the enemy, that proud indifference to loss, to one's own existence, to that of one's fellow, to that earthquake-like, soul-shaking which a people needs when it is losing its vitality." It is remarkable that John Ruskin, a benevolent socialist, one entirely opposed to Nietzsche's philosophy, should from opposite reasoning, reach almost the same conclusion that Nietzsche did.

Ruskin said: "War is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all high virtues and faculties of man. It is very strange to me to discover this dreadful truth, but I see it is to be quite an undeniable fact. I find in grief that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were

nourished in war and wasted by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace. In a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

So long as the commercial interests of nations clash, there will be wars. *So long as rival nations attempt to control the freedom of the sea, and thereby control the commerce of the sea, there will be war.* Sentimental appeals may cause war. The Spanish-American war is an example; but sentimental appeals never prevent war. Many so-called religious wars, and many doctrinal or sentimental wars are easily reducible to commercial causes. Our Civil War, when reduced to its logical cause, will be found to have been a commercial war. Human slavery was a commercial question. To the Confederate States, it was a question of property rights.

The majority of wars between the great nations of Europe have arisen from economic causes. Ancient wars were mostly struggles for the monopoly of the commerce of the Mediterranean. Prior to the sixth century B. C. the Phoenicians controlled the commerce of the Mediterranean. Always with an eye to monopoly, that bold, ancient Semitic race sailed their ships into regions where no other nation dared to go. Their sea power was at its height in the seventh century B. C. when they circumnavigated Africa. Carthage, one of the most famous cities of antiquity, was founded by the Phoenicians in the eighth century B. C. After Greece developed a rival navy, she captured the commerce of the eastern Mediterranean. Tyre turned to Carthage as her natural Protector, and the Phoenician colonies, founded in Sicily, also appealed to Carthage for assistance in repelling the Greeks. The inevitable conflict between Greece and Carthage began 550 B. C. and the first war of seven years between Rome and Carthage began about the 250 B. C. Carthage had attained a monopoly of the western Mediterranean waters and seized every foreign ship found between Sardinia and the Pillars of Hercules.

In the second Punic War, Carthage lost her fleet and all her possessions, except those in Africa. The cry, "Carthage must be destroyed" still rang in Rome. The third Punic War lasted for three years. The population of the city of Carthage had fallen from 1,000,000 to 700,000. On its capture by the Romans, temples and houses and fortifications were leveled to the ground. The site of the former great maritime city was dedicated to the infernal gods, and no human being was permitted to live within the ruined area. Eventually Rome, by long wars, wrung from both Greece and Carthage a monopoly of the Mediterranean trade. In modern times Venice became master of the eastern Mediterranean, monopolizing especially the trade with the Orient. The municipal Venetian Republic, in per capita of wealth, thus became the richest community in the world, and her island popu-

lation of only 200,000 ruled provinces, on the Mediterranean, inhabited by millions of people.

England now controls the waters of the Mediterranean, which is practically a British sea. Since the building of the Suez Canal this passage-way, from the Occident to the Orient, has been restored to vastly more importance than it possessed before Vasco de Gama discovered the sea route to India. Beyond this sea are vast markets where manufactures go to supply the wants of hundreds of millions of people who know but little of modern industrial systems. The permanent control of this trade is one of the most momentous questions involved in the present war, and the repulse at the Dardanelles is one of the most bitter disappointments of the conflict.

Commercial friction between trading nations is today, as in the past, the prime cause of international strife. Armed warfare is a violent phase of international commercial warfare. Be not too sure that civilized man wants peace. A life of golf and soda-water becomes tedious to the man who feels the desire to pit his strength against others. The small boy with a cheap revolver first wants to kill Indians. Later he throws himself into the struggles of a football team, and loves to see prize fights or bull fights. Finally, like Perseus and Orion, he seeks danger and play, and travels thousands of miles to reach a country where he can kill big game. His tastes are not very different from those of the Romans who crowded the Colosseum to witness the sea fights, staged by the Emperor Commodus, in which thousands of gladiators struggled in mortal combat.

In war the morals of ordinary life are set aside. The ethics of war are supposed to be engrossed in international law. Lecky says: "It is allowable to deceive an enemy by fabricated dispatches purporting to come from his own side; by tampering with telegraphic messages; by spreading false intelligence in newspapers; by sending pretended spies and deserters to give him untrue reports of the number or movements of the troops; by employing false signals to lure him into ambuscade. On the use of the flag and uniform of an enemy for purposes of deception there has been some controversy, but it is supported by high military authority."

The fact that the moral code changes from century to century, varies among different nations, and is subject to decided changes in time of war, is proof positive that ethics is a spurious science. Ethics, like the institutions of society, are man-made, and are therefore subject to change. Science deals only with the unchangeable laws of nature. From this we may conclude that the good and bad exist not by nature but by human convention.

No nation has been pre-eminent in war, literature, and general culture that has not been successful in war, and yet it cannot be denied

that the periods of greatest human happiness have been those of peace. When Hadrian became Emperor of Rome, he at once instituted a policy which offered the fair prospects of universal peace. He proposed to maintain the dignity and power of the empire without attempting to expand it. Arrius Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius were nominated for emperors by Hadrian, to succeed him at his death. The reigns of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius were the most peaceful and happiest in history. Of this period Gibbon says: "If a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

The historian frequently points to peaceful luxury, as the potent cause of the decay of nations and the fading of arts. Ruskin said that during a thousand years of war Venice fought for life, and during three hundred years of peace she invited death. Perhaps it may be advantageous to arouse the military spirit, where a nation is sinking into the soft habits of luxurious living. *Social ease sustains the lazy and the incapable in their habits, promotes the survival of the unfit, fills our cities with tramps, while crowds of indolent men and women throng our streets.*

Where the activities of a nation are centered in war, there is no room for reformers and faddists. In Europe the military spirit has swept aside the power of socialists, anarchists, labor agitators, and suffragettes. Before the present war, there existed a common spirit of unrest. In England there was general political and social irritability. In Russia industrial riots were led by labor agitators. Suddenly, when war was declared, internal peace settled down on these factions. The social mind was stirring to its primitive warlike emotions and enthusiastically responded to the long roll of the drum at midnight. *The nations externally are at war, but internally they are at rest.*

Lecky reduced the causes of war to three, viz.: religious, economical, political. If we enter into the great European war "for humanity's sake," we would introduce a new cause: the sentimental appeal. Some causes of war may appear to be of a noble character, but the historian has seldom been willing to accept the allegations of those participants who have claimed to carry on war from disinterested motives. *Yet peace has been claimed to be the ultimate aim of every dictator or conqueror.*

*The German Emperor is no exception to the law of ages.*

# MAN VERSUS MAN IN AMERICA

T. Walter Gilkyson

A FEW years ago, a bridge was being built across the St. Lawrence River, a bridge which was to be greater than any bridge that had ever been built before. All the accumulated knowledge of generations of bridge builders, all the formulae into which science had been resolving its conclusions for centuries, were applied with the utmost precision to the building of this bridge. The stresses and factors of safety were calculated upon bases which for years had been assumed to be correct by every engineer of ability. All that men knew about the behavior of units, and the delicate adjustments of force against force to preserve an equilibrium, was used with intelligence and skill by the builders. Yet the bridge fell of its own weight before the two great spans which sprang from either bank had been joined together in mid-stream. At the investigation it was determined that the builders had not been at fault. They had merely applied the theories based upon the experience of the past, to the building of this great bridge, and somewhere, somehow, the theories did not fit the conditions. As one of the experts said at the investigation, "We do not understand the behavior of units in bridges of this size, and the old rules break down in the presence of such huge strains and stresses. We must find new rules for determining the behavior of units if we are to build greater bridges."

Law itself is an intricate mechanism, a system of delicately adjusted checks and balances, whereby the ever-changing subtle units of individual life and habit are preserved in equilibrium. As social life grows in breadth and complexity, so the structure of the law must grow, spanning wider and wider reaches in its task of joining together the diverse elements of society. And the strains and stresses which it must meet as it grows, the strains and stresses of human life with its manifold activities and its unseen forces, are far more difficult to calculate than the strains and stresses of inanimate matter. For the needs, the desires, the antagonisms, of individuals change with changing conditions, with the growth and development of the social organism, and forces which were at one time easily held in check, may suddenly develop such power as to destroy utterly the carefully balanced equilibrium of the past.

As no one can tell what the conditions of the future will be, so no one can lay down rules to meet such conditions. It is therefore inevitable that the formulae of one generation will be inadequate for the next. No thinker is great enough to foretell the behavior of social units under the strains and stresses of the future. He may know

what bridges must be built, but he cannot say *how* they shall be built. He may tell us, as Spencer does, that "the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other must be balanced," but his theory of preserving their balance may not fit the conditions of to-day. And while every one agrees with Spencer in his belief that the balance of social life must be preserved, there are many who differ from him in his conception of the best way to preserve it. For there are forces in our vastly complex life of to-day which cannot be measured or controlled by rules which, a generation ago, "balanced the restraining forces which the units of society exercised against each other."

When we examine Spencer's conception of law and government, we find him a devout individualist. For him the least law is the best law. The formula by which he would balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other is a simple one—give each force full play against the other. "Society must be left to feel what it most needs," he says, "and no man or men, by inspecting society, can see what it most needs." Social statics are to be preserved "by a more pronounced individualism, instead of a more pronounced nationalism." A world set free from law, he believes, will work out its own salvation. If there are maladjustments in society, they will either right themselves without the help of the lawgiver, or they are inevitable, and beyond hope of cure by legislation. As for the human wastage that results, it cannot be helped. It is but the scattered dust blown from the pathway of great forces as they move freely and steadily toward the creation of new adjustments.

"The poverty of the incapable, the distresses that come upon the imprudent, the starvation of the idle, and those shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong, which leave so many in shallows and miseries, are the decrees of a large far-seeing benevolence. Misery inevitably results from incongruity between constitution and conditions. All those evils which afflict us and seem to the uninitiated the obvious consequence of this or that cause are unavoidable attendants on the adaptation now in progress. Humanity is being pressed against the inexorable necessities of its new position, is being molded into harmony with them, and has to bear the resulting unhappiness as best it can. The process must be undergone and the suffering must be endured. No power on earth, no cunningly devised laws of statesmen, no world-rectifying schemes of the humane, no communist panaceas, no reforms that man ever did broach or ever will broach, can diminish them one jot."

Now the question is, how far can we successfully apply this theory to conditions as we find them to-day? We are building a greater bridge than has ever been built before, and we must ask ourselves whether the

experience of the past is a broad enough basis for our calculations. We must determine how far the old formulae can be used in the solution of new problems, brought about by new strains and stresses.

When we give thought to the conditions which surround us, we find that the equilibrium, the balance of units, which Spencer sought to preserve by the doctrine of laissez-faire, is more difficult to maintain than it was a generation ago. The units of society are not as nearly equal as they were, and some of them are exerting a pressure which is by no means counterbalanced by the pressure of the surrounding units. Some units have increased in strength, through the formation of combinations and alliances which the physical world of to-day has made possible. Other units have decreased in strength, worn away by the steady and unrestrained pressure exerted by those units which thrive under modern conditions.

Great combinations of capital, made possible through the development of the corporation and the annihilation of time and space, breed within themselves a power which was not conceived of a generation ago. Their influence may be good or bad but their strength is not to be withstood merely by the resistance of the units which oppose them. The advantage which they derive from the physical world about them, a physical world undreamed of by Spencer, are too great for that, and it is idle to say that they are kept in check by the pressure of opposing forces. The power of a great railway system, holding within its grasp the largest anthracite coal fields of the country cannot be controlled merely by the pressure of an opposing body of consumers. The ownership of the coal, and of the means of transporting it, generate a strength, which, exerted through the lever of corporate organization, becomes irresistible. Industrialism as we know it to-day, bears down upon the framework of society with a greater weight than ever before. Organizd labor on the one hand, and organized capital on the other, are tending more and more to divide us into rival armies, and their battles do not add to that stability and poise which the doctrine of laissez-faire is supposed to produce. It is force against force, to be sure, and too often physical force; but it is not that steady pressure, that "restraining force which the units of society exercise against each other" out of which comes the equilibrium that Spencer desires. Their struggles are disorganizing and disruptive; the scales are flung far up and then far down, and the effect on society is like that of the ancient primitive struggles of man against man, those struggles which law, in the earliest ages, first busied itself in quelling.

In fact when we consider the conditions which we find about us, we are forced to the belief that there is no such thing as a "natural balance" of the units of society—at least not in the world of to-day. Indeed we are rather led to believe that the activities of the diverse

elements of our social life, when unrestrained, tend more and more to produce instability and imperfect adjustments. Man, left to pursue his own desires, is not always checked at the right time by the economic pressure about him. The economic pressure of to-day is not evenly distributed. It works steadily behind some, and steadily against others. The changes in the physical world about us have caused this, and will continue to cause it. Industry, highly specialized as it is to-day, requires of its employees that they too shall be specialists. As a consequence the laborer is less adaptable than he was, and less likely to find work that he is capable of doing. When he does find it, he must accept it, no matter how dangerous it may be. In theory he is bargaining freely, but in reality he is bargaining against necessity. And as long as such conditions as these exist, it will be impossible to "balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other," by the application of pure and unrestrained individualism.

If individualism is inadequate, what is adequate? Can the social balance be preserved by new formulae, or must we forever build by that inexorable law which grinds to pieces so much of our material? Is individualism, translated into terms of law, our only solution, or can we mold our conception of law into some form better fitted to control the diverse elements of society?

## II

Individualism, translated into terms of law, means freedom from law, and especially freedom from that law which the State, by codes and statutes, imposes upon its citizens. The individualist conceives of two kinds of law, judge-made or unwritten law, founded upon custom, and voicing the almost inarticulate community sense of what is due from one man to another; and statute law, or the written will of the State. Of the last, he wants as little as possible, believing that the balance of community life is better preserved the less the State interferes. He struggles against State regulation as a healthy man struggles against some slow vitality-sapping disease. The inflexibility of the written statute, crushing human action into the rigid circle of its words, appalls him. He sees only too clearly the impossibility of intelligently legislating for the future with the imperfect vision of the present. As Spencer says in speaking of statute law: "Expediency philosophy thinks that man's intellect is competent first to observe accurately the facts exhibited by associated human nature, to form just estimates of general and individual character, of the effects of religion, customs, superstitions, prejudices, of the mental tendencies of the age, of the probability of future events; and then grasping at once the multiplied phenomena of this ever agitated, ever changing sea of life, to derive from them that knowledge of their governing principles which shall

enable him to say whether such and such measures will conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number." And again he says: "Considering that men yet so imperfectly understand man, the instrument by which and the materials on which laws are to act, and that a complete knowledge of the unit, man, is but a first step to the comprehension of the mass, society, it seems obvious enough that to educe from the infinitely manifold complications of universal humanity, a true philosophy of national life, and to found thereon a code of rules for the obtainment of 'human happiness' is a task far beyond the ability of any finite mind." In brief, the individualist turns from codes and statutes and state regulation as from some perilous and impossible adventure, and places his faith in the yielding pressure of judge-made law, that law which grows unconsciously out of the life of the community, and is molded by the forces which it protects as a shell is molded by the living organism about which it grows, and which ever passes to new forms as the life which animates it stirs and moves to new purposes. It is, to his mind, an expression of the free play of force against force, checked only by the deep, almost unconscious community sense of the obligations which men, in certain fundamental ways, owe their neighbors.

Now it is interesting in this connection to examine somewhat the nature of judge-made law, and to measure, in so far as we are able, the coercive force which it exercises upon the units of society.

Judge-made law, in the proper sense of the term, is that great body of decisions whereby countless individuals have had their wrongs redressed. Each decision is but an adjudication of the mutual rights, as between themselves, of two or more individuals. Not their mutual rights as determined by statute or written constitution, but their mutual rights as they are determined by precedent and custom. It is true that our courts are constantly interpreting statutes and constitutions, and interpreting them in a "sens evolutif"; but such an interpretation is not in reality judge-made law. The smooth, inscrutable words of any great document may give different meanings to different generations, but the words contain within themselves the germ of all the law that is evolved about them. They are the framework upon which their law must be arranged. True judge-made law, on the other hand, has as its sole basis, the almost inarticulate community sense of the duties of the individual to the individual. And the expression of this community sense is found by the Court in those decisions of the past where similar rights have been adjudicated, that is, in precedent.

It is obvious that such law, dealing only with the rights of individuals to each other, although accurate in its effect, is limited in its scope. Each decision is the law of the facts which it adjudicates, and

nothing more. Each separate case merely determines whether, under a given state of facts, one man has infringed upon the rights of another. If the case is contract, the Court determines whether the contract in question was broken. If the case is tort, the question is, whether the defendant violated some duty of care, which, under the particular circumstances of the case, he owed the plaintiff. The law of the case looks rather at the facts before it, than at the future. Rules are laid down, to be sure, but they are subject to infinite exceptions, just as the cases which they govern are subject to almost indefinite classification. And the rules themselves are but a growth of the infinite multitude of decided cases, as coral is but a growth of the infinite multitude of tiny organisms which almost imperceptibly give it form and substance. The result is a body of law, capable of fitting accurately into the minutest of human relationships, capable of holding the forces that control the normal daily life of individuals in the most delicate adjustments, but unable to control the larger group forces which tend constantly to disturb the equilibrium of society. It is searching, sure and unobtrusive—its commands, unlike those of the statute law, go forth only after some wrong has been committed—but at the same time it is limited in its application, and incapable of comprehending within its grasp all the larger relationships into which our life is divided to-day.

And furthermore, it must adhere to the precedents of the past if it is to be scientific and consistent. "In the certainty of the law lies the safety thereof," and surely no one could wish to subject the unwritten law to the ancient allegation of changing "with the size of the Chancellor's foot." In these days of cultivation, when a famous lawyer may also be a distinguished etcher, a great metaphysician, or an authority on Old Masters, "temperamental" justice administered from the Bench might leave much to be desired. Precedent must rule, even though it be precedent interpreted with a feeling for community needs. Cases may be overruled and new precedents may be established, it is true, but the foundations of the unwritten law must of necessity shift very slowly. And this in itself limits the scope of the unwritten law. Certainty means fixity, and the impossibility of making swift and radical changes. This may be well enough when it comes to controlling the relation of individual to individual, to interpreting the community sense of what one man owes his neighbor, but it leaves the unwritten law helpless in the face of the larger forces which are constantly straining and tugging at the framework of modern society. The fine spun fabric of the unwritten law, that fabric which so lightly touches the lives of all of us, is not strong enough to control the deeper and wider group interests which are ceaselessly at work beneath its flexible surface. Such interests

can only be controlled by some counter force which is aimed directly at them, some force which is created for that very purpose, and which is the result of a conscious, reasoned attempt at readjustment. Individualism, cast in the form of law, is not sufficient "to balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against other."

## III

Now when we turn to written or statute law, that law which the individualist abhors, what do we find? Is there an effective force here, powerful and comprehensive enough to control the diverse units of society, to preserve that balance of forces which Spencer sought so diligently to maintain? And if so, is its cost to society as great as Spencer and his contemporaries believed it to be?

Statute law, from its very nature, is instinct with the power of a command that does not wait upon the past. The State makes law, it does not merely apply law that has been made before. There is no trained mind to sift the precedents of other years, carefully classify the facts before it, and then determine the right of the matter as it appears in the light of community beliefs and needs, seen sometimes through eyes which much study of books has made a little dim. On the contrary the fiat goes forth, swift and unyielding and often blunt, with words that ruthlessly mangle the delicate body of the unwritten law. The State orders with power, but not always with precision. Its statutes are comprehensive rather discriminating, and many a delicate adjustment is destroyed by the letter of the law which is stamped into the surface of society. Just how easily such adjustments can be destroyed, is illustrated by two statutes in Pennsylvania relating to stock brokers and their control over the stock of their customers. The unwritten law provided that a broker who had lent his customer money upon the security of his customer's stock, could re-pledge the stock to a third person for an amount not in excess of the money which the broker had lent the customer. To the extent that the broker had lent money upon the security of the stock, that is, to the extent of his "pledge right," he might himself re-pledge the stock for his own purposes. Thus an equitable adjustment of the mutual rights of both parties was created. But the Legislature in its wisdom saw fit to forbid the re-pledging of securities, and provided that no stock broker could re-pledge the securities of his customer. As this Act was found to work a hardship upon the stock brokers, it was subsequently amended by a proviso that stock brokers could re-pledge the stock of their customers, if they had lent money to their customers upon such stock. No limit was placed upon the right of the stock broker to re-pledge. The result of the two acts was to destroy absolutely the carefully adjusted balance which the unwritten law had created.

But statutes are at least comprehensive enough, and they touch every relationship, that of group to group, as well as that of man to man. They are the arresting hand which the State puts upon those forces which threaten to disturb the social balance. They distribute the pressure which bears too heavily upon the weaker units of society. It is only by statutes that constructive law, law which deliberately adjusts the larger relationships of society, can be created. They are the only instruments by which man can mold the life of the community into the likeness of his dreams. The dreams may be only false dreams, and the imperfections of human thought and speech may make their full realization impossible, but false or true, the possibility of their realization lies only in the statute law. The principles embodied in Workman's Compensation Legislation, Child Labor Laws, or the Statutes regulating Public Utilities, could never have been evolved by the Courts in a thousand years. Judges cannot be as quick to respond to the thought which surrounds them, as is the Legislature. Swathed in the wrappings which consistent accurate thinking in terms of law binds about its devotees, their response to the "time spirit" must of necessity be slow and deliberate. They are incapable of making the swift adjustments which are needed to absorb the shock of great opposing forces, and to re-distribute the pressure which the stronger units of society exert against the weaker. But a Workman's Compensation Law, upon the day that it becomes effective, sweeps away the common law defences of the employer, and substitutes in their place the compulsory payment of money to the employee. It destroys entirely the delicately made machinery which the Courts have constructed for the control of Master and Servant, and substitutes in its place machinery which exerts an irresistible pressure upon those forces which need to be subordinated. It does what the unwritten law can never do, it creates, untrammelled by precedent, and upon the instant, an entirely new adjustment. It does not work out an adjustment by attempting to expand principles of law which were evolved to control the relation of Master and Servant in the early Nineteenth Century, but on the contrary it creates something new, something which is in no sense a child of the past. The same thing is true of Public Utility Laws and Laws concerning the regulation of Child Labor, and, in fact, of the many statutes by which the State has interfered to "balance the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other." They are all examples of the control of forces which have grown too great to be held in check by the pressure of opposing forces.

And that they are effective no one can deny. The Legislature translates modern social and economic theories into terms of law. The translation is direct and made by men capable of responding

immediately to the currents of thought which surround them. Our legislators are men from the middle walks of life, of average intelligence, and without traditions. No one nowadays cherishes any illusions about them. They are only instruments which express the thought of those who lead the opposing groups in society. But the thought of such leaders is valuable. They evolve new formulæ and new ways of preserving the social balance. They devise new means for exerting pressure where pressure is most needed. And without the Legislature their thought would be as barren of results as the idle speculations of some medieval theologian.

The individualist recognizes the fact that social adjustments are far from perfect. He believes, however, that written law itself is a greater evil than any evil it may attempt to cure. This is true when the written law is ill considered, or when it invades the province of the unwritten law. That province, as we have seen, lies in the control of individuals who are not acting in groups; that is, in the control of the normal relations of man to man. When the written law attempts this task, as it so often does, it creates havoc. It is too clumsy to pick right and wrong from the multitude of minute facts which go to make up a single transaction between individuals. Only the unwritten law can do that. The function of the written law is the adjustment of class to class, or social legislation. And even then there are times when every lawyer regards it as an abomination before the Lord, and longs for the delicate artistry of judge-made law. But legislation is far more accurate and efficient to-day than it was a generation ago. Modern statutes are not always the expression of crude, uninformed, politically biased thought, that they were in Spencer's time. A Workman's Compensation Law is drawn by experts, experts who study industrial conditions, and hear the testimony of employers and employees for months, and sometimes years, before they submit an Act to the Legislature for its consideration. No enlightened State thinks of passing a Child Labor Law, a Minimum Wage Law, or a Public Utilities Law, without appointing a commission chosen from every group interested in the proposed legislation, whose duty it shall be to investigate, hear evidence, and determine the substance and form of the Act to be passed. Modern social and economic theories are mixed with the hard practical experience of those engaged in the business or industry to be regulated, and the whole is poured into the legislative caldron, and there fused into law. It is true that law will be imperfect as all attempts at pre-vision will be imperfect while our minds are finite, but it is better than it would have been in Spencer's day. And after all, it is only by such law, whatever its faults may be, that we can hope to achieve the desire of Spencer that " the restraining forces which the units of society exercise against each other should be

balanced." The nicely calculated formulæ of the unwritten law, those formulæ which hold the relations of man to man in such perfect adjustment, break down under the strains and stresses of to-day, and unless we avail ourselves of the statute law, we cannot hope to build the greater bridges which the future will demand.

It is argued by Spencer, with a power which sweeps the reader almost irresistibly to the author's conclusion, that social adjustments can be made without the aid of statutes. "A more pronounced individualism instead of a more pronounced nationalism" is his theory of preserving the social balance. His argument is irrefutable, but unfortunately the facts have shifted from beneath its logic, and now stand to oppose it. Without dwelling upon social conditions in States where Child Labor and Workman's Compensation laws do not exist, social conditions which shout their denial of Spencer's theory, let us take his own picture of the conditions which result from the application of individualism. In his essay entitled "Over Legislation" he says, in speaking of the effect of individualism:

"Let any one, after duly watching the rapid evolution going on in England where men have been comparativelyy little helped by governments—let such an one, we say, go on to the continent and consider the relatively slow advance things are there making, and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Berlin and there be told that to give the City a water supply such as London has had for generations the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital under English superintendence. Let him go to Vienna, learn that it, in common with other continental cities, is lighted by an English gas company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on these rivers. And then if these illustrations of the progressiveness of a self-dependent race, and the torpidity of a personally governed one, do not suffice him, he may read Mr. Laing's successive volumes of European travel, and then study the contrast in detail." *Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* With what a terrible irony fate has clothed these words of England's greatest individualist!